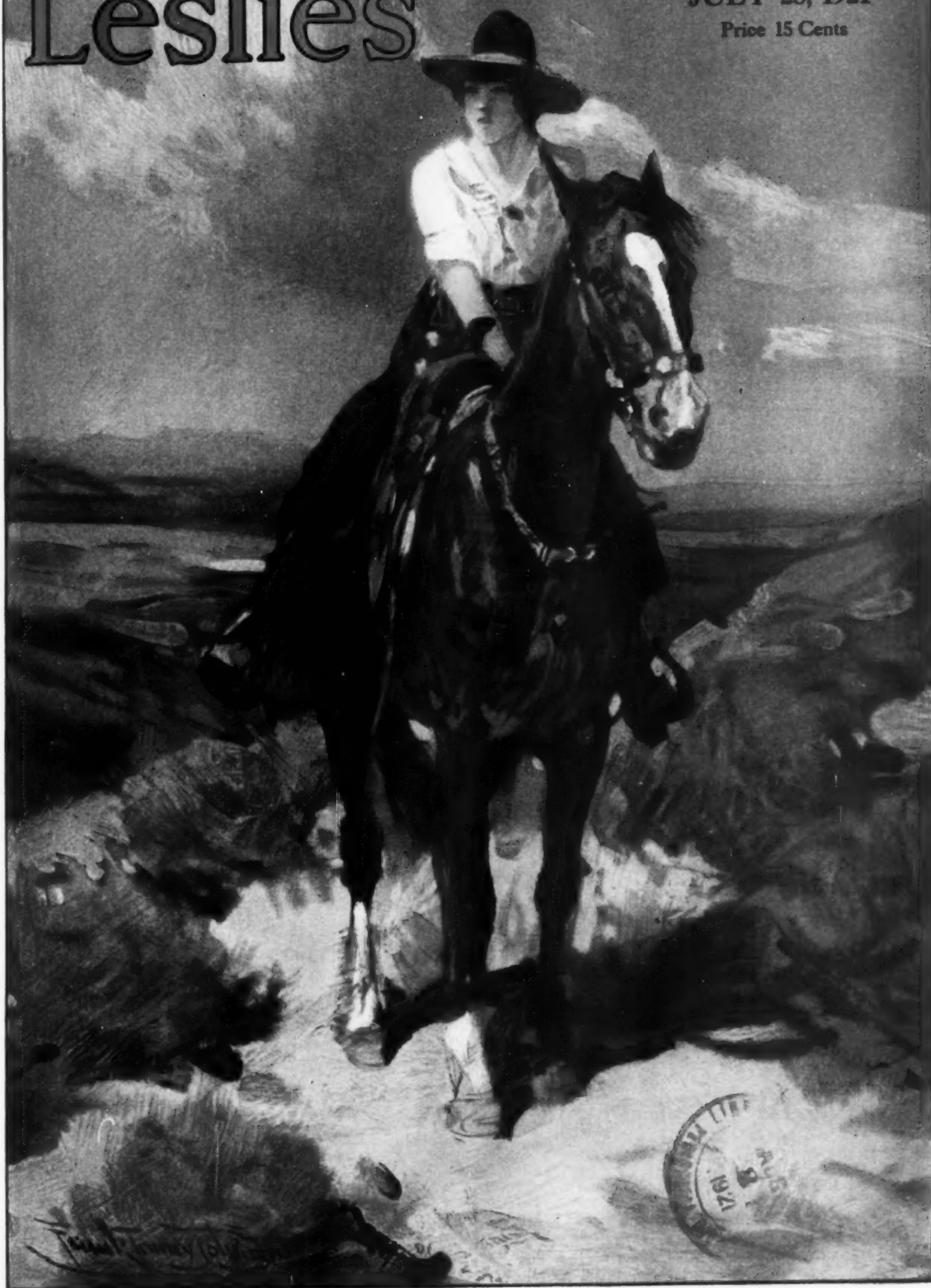


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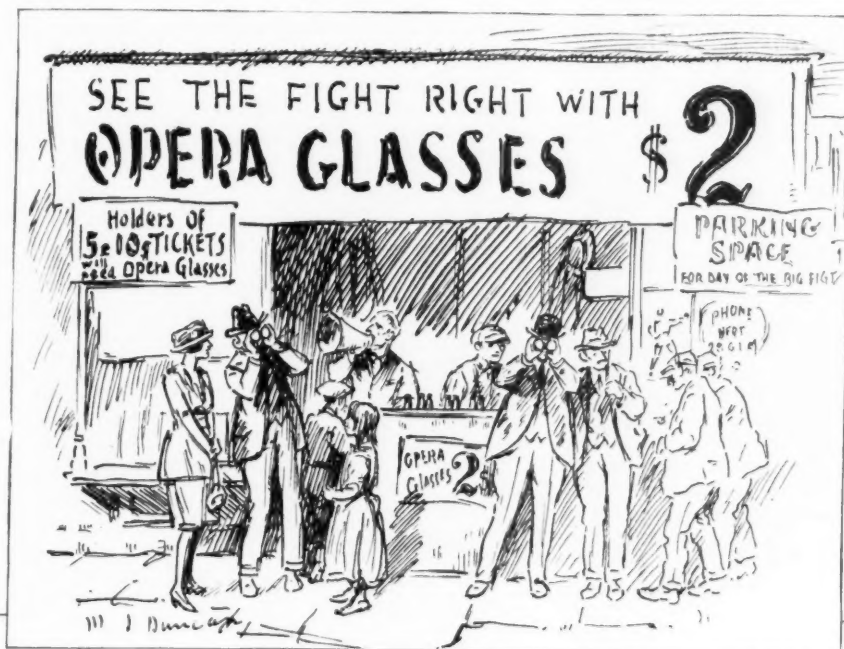
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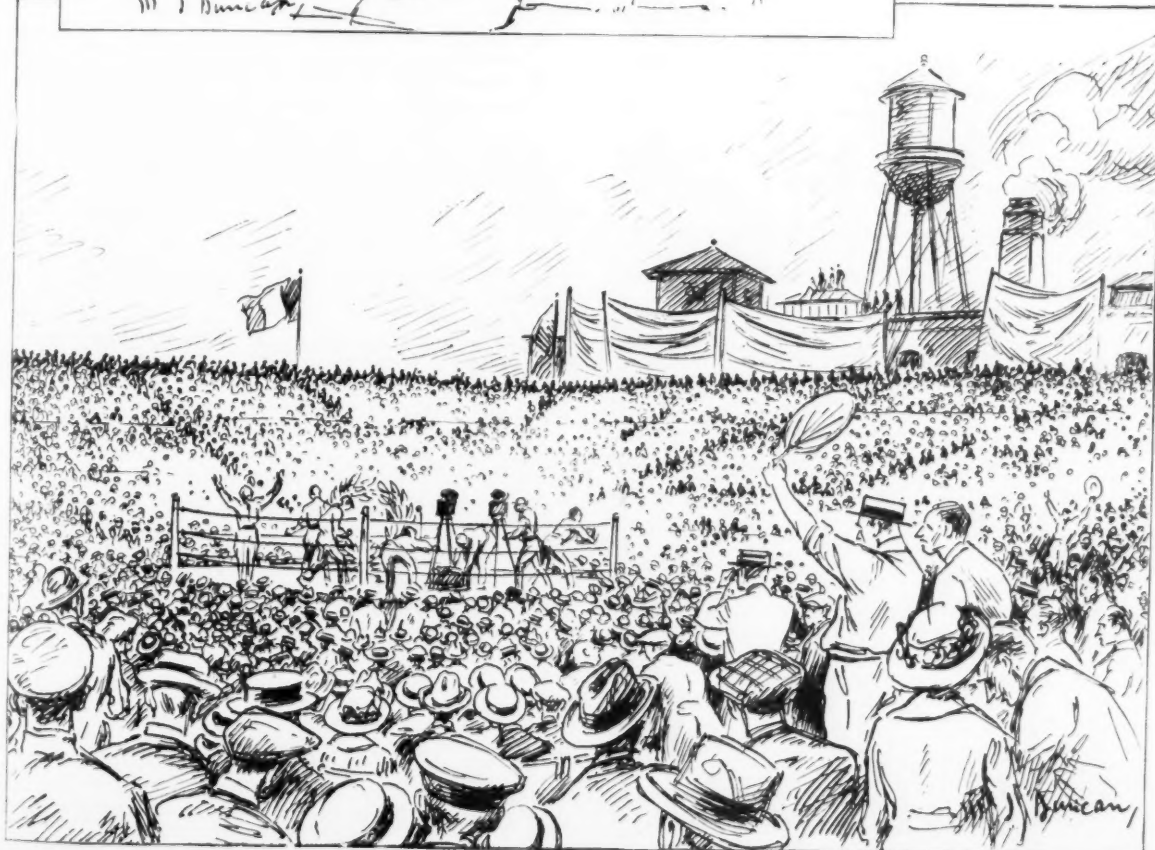
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SEEING the Dempsey-Carpentier Fight in Tex Rickard's huge bowl-shaped arena in Jersey City was a long-range affair for many thousands who attended, and the opera-glass hawkers in the vicinity did a rushing trade. Below is a pen impression of the photographic, floral and oratorical preludes to the real fistic business of the day in the big bowl. These penshots were drawn from life for LESLIE'S by Walter Jack Duncan.





Go to Washington, Young Man!

BACK in Civil War days when polished John Hay was a hero-worshipping secretary to unpolished Abe Lincoln, the young man in politics was a rare enough phenomenon. Whether through lack of opportunity, lack of independent income, which used to be considered a necessary adjunct, or lack of civic interest, public affairs did not stimulate the private ambition of the average younger citizen.

More than a generation later the famous Cleveland-Blaine campaign developed a handful of reformers known in those days as "Mugwumps," many of whom nourished political idealism along with their first mustache. By the average ward politician they were looked upon as inefficient highbrows, and the cut of their jib was not admired in council rooms where patronage is bestowed upon the faithful.

In politics today, both local and national, there are plenty of good jobs for young men and young men for good jobs. Many of the latter are already well up at the front; others have entrained for it. George Christian's smooth determination a few yards from President Harding's elbow; Hamilton Fish, Jr., plugging through the long grind of the House of Representatives; Senator Schuyler Meyer of the New York State legislature, who is making the summer hot for Mayor Hylan; Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy; Van Sanford Merle-Smith, former 3rd Assistant Secretary of State; Nicholas Kelly, whose work as one of the assistant Secretaries of the Treasury was considered so valuable that the Harding administration wanted to retain a Wilson appointee—these are merely a few examples that come to mind.

Go to Washington, young man, is the advice of present leaders of American political thought. By this they do not necessarily mean Washington, District of Columbia. They mean that in public office there is both fame and fortune, the latter a natural outgrowth of the former; that each state is an Ohio; and that every city, town or village, for a starting-place, is just as good as Marion.

Is the Supernatural Natural?

ON a subject of such universal magnitude as "psychic" research LESLIE'S hesitates to venture an opinion. Some time ago we studied the "psychic" experiments of the Scotch engineer, W. J. Crawford, D. Sc., and recently published an article, "Photographing the Supernatural," in which is shown, by means of Dr. Crawford's *plates and films*, an actual material substance emanating from the medium during séance and extending toward the object which is affected or even moved. This filmy arm or lever issuing from the body of the medium was described by those present at the series of experiments as being "slimy" or "reptilian" to the physical touch; it was clearly visible on the photograph. Furthermore, the medium, seated on a scale while levitating a table, chair or other object, was found to gain in weight by the exact amount which the table, chair or other object weighed. To our unimaginative

understanding, there was something quite convincing in this reduction of hitherto-called supernatural forces to the realm of photography and pounds.

Ten years ago the pilot in the cockpit of an airplane many thousand feet above the surface of the earth, who suddenly heard the well-recognized voice of a friend known to be 50 or 100 miles away, would have laid the fact to supernatural causes. Today we know that thought transference is scientifically conveyed by means of voice and wireless telephone. Is it possible that all cases of so-called thought transference or even the physical projection of thought or will will soon be admitted and scientifically explained? And if so, will it be necessary to take refuge in the supernatural? Is it possible that even the medium's alleged ability to communicate with the dead can be explained by a widespread ability to read the minds and thoughts of living persons, near and far?

Love One Another

THE successful test—on the fifty-first floor of the Woolworth Building, New York City—of a gun that can be used as a super-riveter, or developed to hurl a projectile weighing five tons 200 to 300 miles, is a piece of news which twenty-five years ago would have been credited to Baron Munchausen. No one, such a short time ago, had even visualized a building with fifty-odd floors, to say nothing of a gun, noiseless and without recoil, of potentialities remotely approaching this one's. Yet today the miracle meets with little more than momentary attention from a generation surfeited with miracles.

How vast and swift have been the strides we have taken in scientific discovery and invention, and at the same time, how imperceptibly, if at all, have we advanced in moral development! There's the rub. We conjure forth these monstrous tools or weapons—equally useful or deadly, according to the task to which they are put—and laugh and clap our hands in triumph with little thought or understanding of the tremendous burden of responsibility which their possession entails. Let us suppose that over night we fly into a rage and fight—one group with another—as it has been our habit to do since the dawn of history—bringing these annihilating engines into play each against his enemy. What then?

In the light of a prospect so appalling that old and beautiful admonition, "Love one another," becomes suddenly such practical, such terrifyingly significant advice, that it falls on the ear almost as something new. Yesterday it was considered to express an ideal unattainable in a workaday world. Today its attainment is the first concern of every man or statesman with vision enough to see the obvious. It has become a matter of life and death to civilization and the race itself.

* * *

"I sure would like it," said the New York park attendant, "if there was a former A. E. F. man with every picnic that comes up here. The veterans had to police up their own camps durin' the the war and now they're mighty careful about loose papers." All he meant was that our former fighters were real noblemen.

WANTED: SOLDIERS OF THE ETHER

Uncle Sam Is Mobilizing Thousands of Young Amateur Wireless Operators into a Formidable, Nation-Wide Radio Reserve Army

By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD



In the attic, the basement, the city bedroom or backyard shed Young America is exercising his ingenuity on wireless apparatus. This boy is hard at it with his lathe.



Through the antennæ they are raising these youths soon will be "listening in" on the unheard voices of the air.

NINE generals of the American army received orders from Washington the other day which sent them scouting for recruits—not on land, not in the air, not under the earth, not on the seas; but in the vast ether which surrounds the earth.

Practical generals who have studied old-fashioned war—that is, the warfare of 1914-18—might, in ordinary cases, have given grunts of disapproval, and set about in mechanical fashion, with signed papers and memoranda and other Army red-tape apparatus, to carry out these new instructions. But these nine generals have taken the new orders in no such spirit. Every last general of them is scouting the ether with might and main for the new reserves that Uncle Sam insists he needs. They are taking short-cuts through red tape to carry out the wishes of their superiors.

And why this sudden diligence of the generals? Why this most unusual hurry? The answer is:

The Navy is also scouting the ether for recruits. If there is anything in the world that will cause

an Army man to move like lightning it is the fact that the Navy is trying to get something that he thinks the Army ought to have.

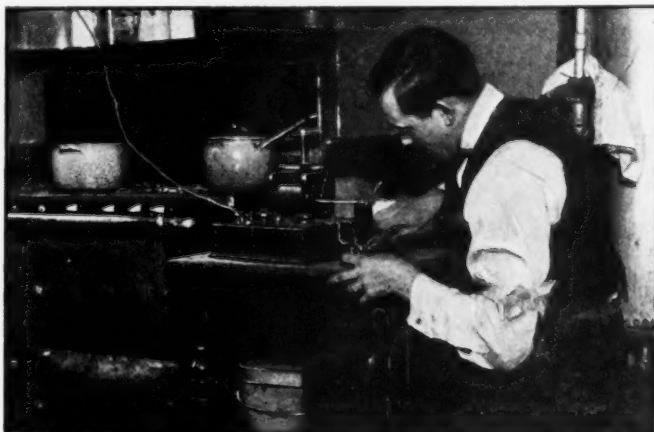
All of which is resulting in a lively contest in the ether between the Army and the Navy with the nine generals of the Army working like mad.

And the recruits which the Army will find in the ether—what kind of men will they be?

To put it shortly, they will be among

the brightest, the cleverest, the soundest and the most earnest young American citizens that we have today. There are, in all, only about 150,000 of these young men for both the Army and the Navy; and when these two branches of our fighting forces have selected the very best of these youths, any American may be sure that the new reserves will be well worthy of carrying their share of responsibility for the welfare of the United States.

If you could get these new reserves, for whom the Army and the Navy are struggling, into one body, you would see a gathering of the brightest faces, the best minds and the finest enthusiasm that the United States affords among its young manhood. Indeed, as you stop to consider what excellent material the new quest affords, the wonder is that both the Army and the Navy did not commence years ago that scouting of the ether which is now under way. To give the Navy its due, it was first to discover the rich mine of manhood in the ether; and the Army, through its new and determined



PHOTOS © KEYSTONE

This radio fan hasn't been able to find a more convenient spot, so he is setting up his wireless outfit temporarily in the kitchen.



These enthusiastic amateurs are busy in a Brooklyn back-yard rigging up the aerial connections of their radio apparatus.

efforts, is only following the lead of the men from the ships.

The 150,000 young Americans for whose services, both in peace and in war, the Army and the Navy are struggling are the amateur radio operators of the United States. They include some of the brightest Boy Scouts in America and some of the finest youths in the Young Men's Christian Association; they include farmer boys in out-of-the-way corners of the land, and city boys who have brains enough to avoid the lure of the pool rooms and the street corners and to yield themselves to the fascinations of science; they include poor boys, who, by saving their pennies and creating their apparatus mostly by hand, have been able to join in the fellowship of the ether, and rich boys whose fathers proudly humor their every need or whim in the purchase of the finest and newest equipment. One and all, rich or poor, farmer boy or city boy, they all have initiative and brains.

You find yourself getting almost jingoistic when you discover how this body of radio amateurs has grown up in the United States. No other country in the world can boast such a body of youth as this. It is distinctly an American institution. In European countries the amateurs of radiography are savants and laboratory men or rich dilettanti. However hard the youth of Europe may have been struck in the imagination by the marvels of wireless, he has been either unable, or has lacked the initiative, to enter the new realm. But not so the American boy. Anything new is his. Every doorway to this new, strange country of the ether he has forced open by his own initiative.

Literally, with the batteries of discarded automobiles, with silk thread seized from mother's sewing basket,

with wood from old boxes, and with such screws and nails and pieces of wire as he could come across in boyhood barter, he put his hands to his ears and listened to the new gods talking through space; and, in time, still using both the remnants of other things and his own busy hands, he threw his own dotted-and-dashed voice out into the ether—and got an answer, not from the gods, but from another American boy who had done as he had done.

That was a decade ago. The American boy of that time who "declared himself in" on the mystic company of the ether is now at his bench or his desk, doing his part of the world's work. But he is still a nightly associate of his friends of radiography. "Once a radio fan, always a radio fan" is an axiom in the ether world.

OUR first radio amateurs had a hard time of it. They interfered with the commercial wireless messages. Their rasping amateur voices interrupted the dignified, confidential conversation of the government wireless. Commercial and official indignation was heaped upon them. They had no standing in the ether world; they were interlopers, and their conversation was futile, and sounded positively silly to the practical wireless man and to the dignified governmental conversationalists of space. "They ought to be put down!" said the men who talked through ether. The boys were romping around where they weren't wanted.

But the American lad was not to be denied; these new fields were too entrancing. He had peeped under the tent and had decided that he would not only refuse to go away, but that he would declare himself a member of the circus troupe.

In time his group grew. Today his

ranges cover the United States. You may cut down every telegraph and telephone wire in North America today, and may raze every great wireless station; and yet, talking from house-top to house-top, from tree to tree, fence post to fence post, or barn roof to barn roof, the American radio amateur will get a message from San Francisco to New York and back for you in a dozen minutes—and even quicker, perhaps, if you give him a little extra time for preparation.

GREAT businesses have grown up for the manufacture of the equipment which he requires. Monthly journals are printed for him. He has organized himself into societies and clubs. He belongs to a great group that has its customs, codes, leaders and followers, traditions and aims. Without any outside help and in spite, indeed, of governmental and commercial opposition, the American boy has built up this great organization which covers the United States today.

Years passed after he became interested in wireless, before the American boy could get anything from his own government but criticism and the curt, official suggestion that he "get out of the ether" and "shut up." Finally, however, he grew so insistent that the Department of Commerce, which has to do with American shipping, decided that the young man must be controlled. It was dangerous to leave him talking and gossiping while ships off shore might be sending out calls for help; it was confusing to listen to his "chatter," as the official persons called it, while commercial companies were trying to send out Wall Street market reports containing figures that must not be jumbled. The reasons for "controlling" him were serious ones indeed; they included grave charges that he was "always in the way" of important official and commercial business; hard-faced business men who were trying to make profits out of the new business and white-headed old codgers sitting at desks in Washington, personages red-faced with the simple effort of running their own departments in peace time, were his enemies. The Department of Commerce was entrusted with the task of taking charge of this American boy and his home-made wireless apparatus. That



PHOTOS BY KEYSTONE

Modern education in America has added another R—Radio—to the traditional three R's of our forefathers. Here's a glimpse of the wireless class acquiring proficiency in ether dots and dashes at an evening trade school.

branch of the Department which has to do with the control of commercial wireless along American shores was given the duty of getting in touch with the scattered wireless amateurs and "letting them know what was what."

But somebody with influence in the Department of Commerce either had boys of his own or was that rare sort of man who is able to remember his own boyhood. The wireless amateur was not utterly destroyed. Perhaps the men at Washington knew it would be useless to try utterly to destroy him. Laws were passed to prevent his strengthening his apparatus so that it would interfere with commercial or official business; his range was cut down so that he could not talk more than about one hundred miles. A system was put into effect for granting him a license, based on his expertise. No effort was made to keep him from listening to the talk of the ether world. Some one who understood boyhood honor provided that amateurs should sign a pledge not to reveal the contents of any business or official despatches. And, altogether, the boy was treated as a human being. Which speaks as well for the American men who took charge of the boy amateurs as it does for the boys themselves who had built up their great, home-made wireless system.

FOR a dozen years the wireless amateur continued his devotion to his hobby before he learned that he was worth-while. When the war broke on us, and the experts from Europe came over to tell us how to fight the new game, they insisted that we must have as many wireless operators as we could possibly get. In Europe they had experienced tremendous difficulty in getting young men who could receive and send wireless messages. There weren't enough wireless operators in all England, France and Italy to meet the need. Schools were started to produce the necessary supply. Wireless operators were needed in almost every trench; they were needed in every great charge; they were needed in the aviation corps and in artillery and in infantry and at every headquarters. Where, asked these experts, would America get the thousands of wireless operators that were necessary?

The answer was easy. Electricians who had been taken into the Signal Corps knew about the network of amateur wireless circles in the United States.

"Get hold of those kids if you can," they suggested, "and you won't need any schools for wireless operators. You'll get all the operators you need."

The Army authorities, upon investigation, discovered that there were several ways of reaching the amateurs. One of these was through the air. On a certain night a tip was sent throughout the amateur wireless world to this effect:

"Young man, when you enlist, mark your profession as 'wireless operator.' The Army has got a special job for you to do."

The same tip was given

out to the young men through the journals devoted to their hobby, and the officers of hundreds of radio clubs were requested to transmit a similar suggestion to their members.

Then the Army men made a second move. They provided that, whenever a young man who reached an enlistment camp presented a card showing him to be a wireless operator, he was to be considered as the sacred property of the Signal Corps. He couldn't be turned into an infantryman or a cavalryman or a tank-man or an aviator or into anything but an Army Signal Corps wireless operator.

He was so badly needed, this boy who had spent his spare time playing with ether waves, that he was almost a pet in the Army. The aviators had nothing "on him" as *prima donne*. A little of the Army system was drummed into him, but he soon found himself on a boat bound for Europe, and he was in the thick of the fighting throughout the war.

Thanks to him and his clubs, the Army was not short of wireless operators a single day. Indeed, once when General Pershing sent home word that he wanted a certain number of wireless operators who could receive and send in the German language, the supply was forthcoming. If Pershing had wanted them, he could have drawn from the ranks of the amateur wireless operators youths of almost every principal tongue, including Japanese and Chinese boys on the Pacific Coast. The wireless craze in America is no respecter of race.

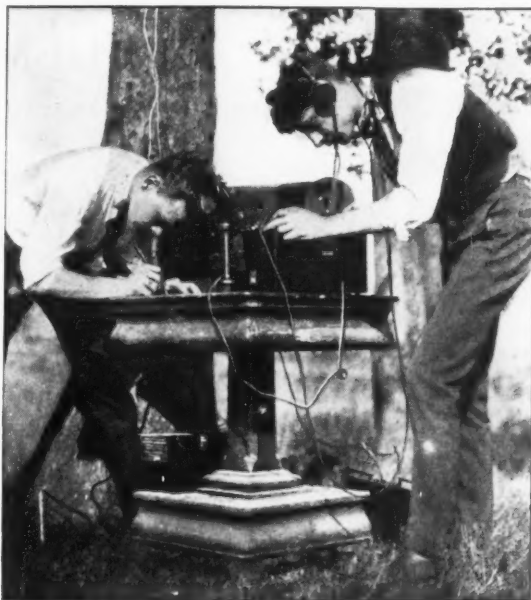
The wireless amateurs at home were silent throughout the war. But those of them who could not go to the front did

not cease listening. They were on our seashores and in our mountains and along our borders, listening everywhere for the spy-whispers of the enemy. They led lonely lives in isolated camps, listening for these traitorous whispers. The Army had devised a wireless outfit that could be carried in a suit-case. Many a member of an amateur wireless club, serving in the Army secret service, spent days in some hotel room or in the room of a boarding house, his suit-case outfit rigged up to catch messages from nearby or from a distance, in an effort to chase down some rumor that the enemy had radio spies in the United States.

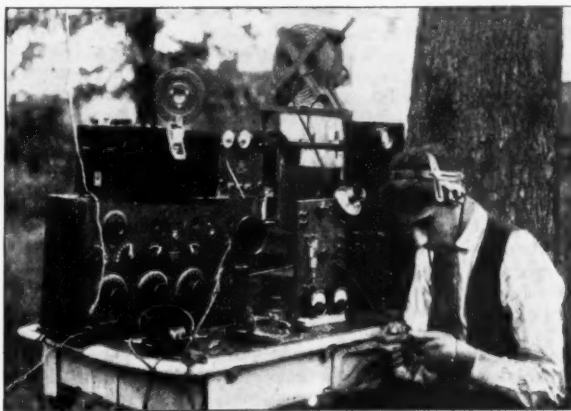
AFTER the war it took the amateurs some months to get the ban removed on the operation of amateur wireless outfits. Officialdom moves slowly in such matters. It had gained a powerful clutch on the amateurs during the war, and it received hard knocks over the knuckles before it would let go. There were some Army and Navy men, it seemed, who would have been glad to see the United States run along forever on a war basis, with prohibitions and rules and "verboten" and official mysteries governing us all; but, like the rest of us, the wireless amateurs won out.

And then the Navy, the wise Navy, which once had complained about the interference of the wireless amateurs, began to see the light. The reservoir of youth and brains which was made up of wireless amateurs was too rich for the Navy to overlook it. It began to flirt with the wireless amateurs. The Navy officials along the Atlantic Coast were particularly kind. They encour-

(Concluded on page 134)



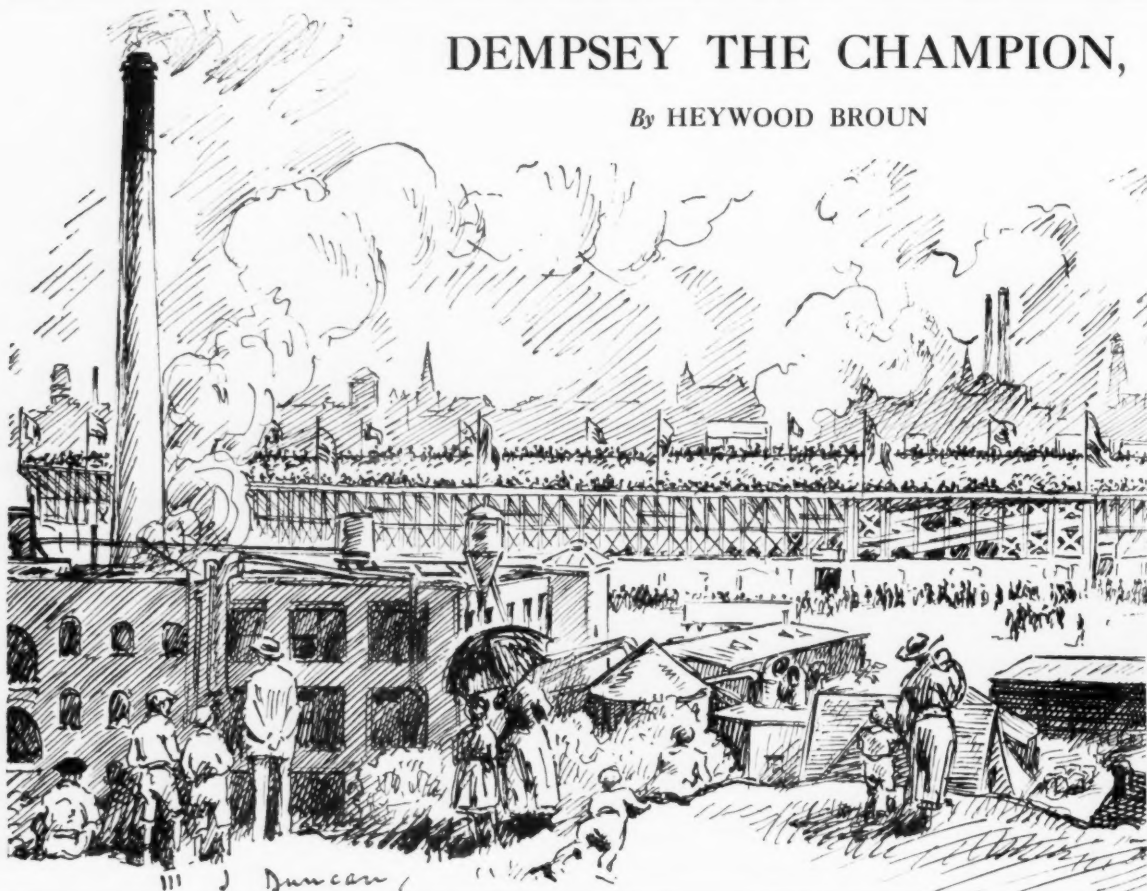
Grandmother's prized parlor table serves as a foundation for these radio devotees' experiments in communication without wires.



Even the trees can be hooked up with radio instruments and serve to collect conversational electrical waves from the atmosphere.

DEMPSEY THE CHAMPION,

By HEYWOOD BROWN



Amid a cluster of frowzy, smoky factories on "Boyle's Thirty Acres" in Jersey City, across the Hudson River from New York, "Tex" Rickard had reared the huge octagonal amphitheater where "The Battle of the Century" was staged.

JACK DEMPSEY did nothing but win the big fight and consequently he has come off only second best in his encounter with Georges Carpentier.

On the afternoon of July 2d the French challenger seemed a tragic figure as he bravely stood up under the terrific blows of the champion and went down with fists flying. He seemed a still more tragic figure from the fact that for just a moment in the second round he had victory at his finger-tips. Dempsey was thrown back upon his heels by a blow which was perfect in graceful execution and almost as magnificent in utility. The champion rocked and as he rocked Carpentier swung a long uppercut from the floor. By instinct or, perhaps, by accident, Dempsey rolled away from the blow. Carpentier missed. His chance was gone and thereafter he was beaten down by the steady power of his opponent. All that was tragic, but since the fight it must be conceded that Dempsey is the true protagonist harried by fate. He fought well, he fought fairly, and he fought successfully, but he could not hit hard enough to down the impregnable romantic appeal of the man whom he encountered. Such a battle was beyond him. Carpentier remains the hero of all the ninety thousand who went to the arena in Boyle's Thirty Acres.

Such a development seems curious in a land which is supposed to worship achieve-

ment blindly and to have no standard of judgment except success or failure. As a matter of fact, the fight proved clearly what ought to need no proof, that America is incurably romantic. Walt Whitman once celebrated in a poem all men who have failed and in that poem he expressed something characteristic of the feelings of our nation. The phrase "moral victory" belongs distinctly to the sporting world of America. We must confess, then, a feeling of sympathy for Dempsey. He is in the unhappy position of being a realist in a land which pretends to admire material things and actually gives its heart to things of the spirit. We are a people eager for causes. We don't believe in miracles, but we want to. That explains the sudden rise and power in America of parties of protest, of patent medicines, and revivalists.

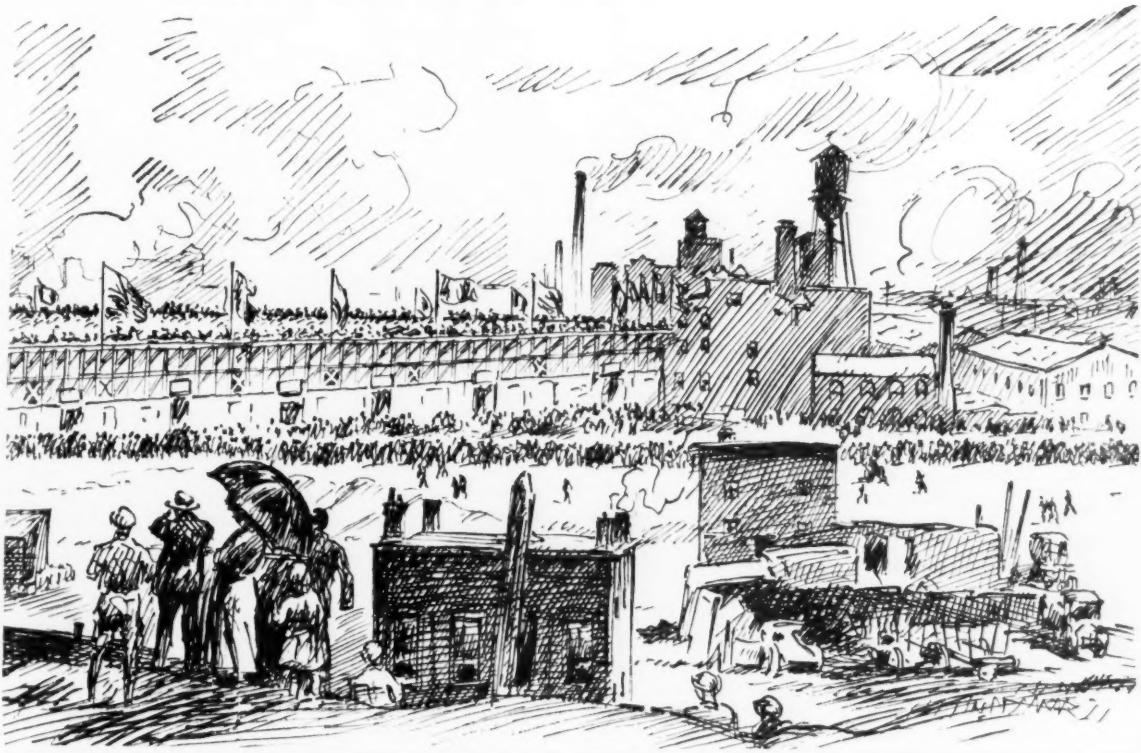
IT is entirely illogical that the lead in the attempt to stop the fight between Dempsey and Carpentier should have been taken by preachers. Hardly anything that has happened in America within our generation has had the same spiritual appeal as the heavyweight prize-fight between Dempsey and Carpentier. The challenger from France is beautiful, brave and skilful, but probably there is nothing in his character which makes him stand as a disciple of things of the soul as opposed to things of the body.

And yet in the fight he became, through no conscious act of his own, the living symbol of man's hope to move mountains by the force of faith. He was the very embodiment of the will of man to mould the world more closely to heart's desire by the power of an ideal. Speaking in all seriousness, I believe that Carpentier did as much to convince a vast horde of people that there is such a thing as a soul as any living preacher in his most eloquent sermon. This, as I have said, is not logical. It is much more powerful than that. Dempsey could meet logic, not with spoken words to be sure, but with right- and left-hand hooks. A symbol was much too elusive for him. That he could not touch and yet it could and did mark him.

The public likes to see all things in broad contrast. Accordingly, since it accepted Carpentier as the symbol of aspiration it became necessary that Dempsey should be pictured as essentially and wholly material and brutal. He was, therefore, described as "a human being who belongs, in might of muscle, in immunity to nerve-paralyzing punishment, in indestructible vitality, not to this day and age but to the day and age when men covered with hair roamed a strange earth and slew each other with great stones." From reading the story of the fight one might imagine that David had met Goliath in a return match.

BUT CARPENTIER THE HERO

Drawings by WALTER JACK DUNCAN



This panoramic drawing shows "Boyle's Thirty Acres" at the boiling point on July 2d! The \$1,600,000 crowd that came from near and far streamed into the monster arena for hours before the Big Event, which was over in thirteen and a half minutes.

but with less success than in their previous encounter. None of this is true. Dempsey, to be sure, is bigger than Carpentier, but the margin of difference is only sixteen pounds. The annals of the prize ring abound in the records of men who have overcome far greater handicaps. Only in comparison with Carpentier can Dempsey be said to be huge. On the day of the fight he weighed exactly one hundred and eighty-eight pounds. In other words, he is a man who would bring down the average of the rushline of almost any big college football team. In fact, back in the days of the mass play Dempsey would have seemed a little fellow among the giant guards and tackles of Yale or Harvard or Princeton. He is not immune to punishment, as he showed by being grievously hurt when hit with a hard right-hand punch. There are hundreds of thousands of men in the United States bigger than Jack Dempsey and stronger. For the sake of contrast it has become necessary, moreover, to speak as if Dempsey were a man without skill or grace in ring tactics, who won wholly on his ability to beat down an opponent by sheer crude power. The truth is that Dempsey is one of the lightest men who have ever held the heavyweight championship in America. He doesn't begin to be as big or as strong as Jess Willard, Jim Jeffries or Jack Johnson. His success lies in his speed. He is not among the

greatest defensive fighters, but he is good for all that, and offensively he is a marvel of cleverness.

OUTSIDE the ring Jack Dempsey seems still less like the abysmal brute beloved of the descriptive writers of the fight. He is a kindly, modest, uneducated and rather quick-witted young American. Only in fighting does he seem particularly confident of himself. In watching him closely at Atlantic City I found him actually gentle in his intercourse with people, and easily abashed.

He spent some years as a hobo and served a long apprenticeship in copper and coal mines. But for the fact that he wasn't a very good miner he would still be underground rather than heavyweight champion of the world. He explained to me once that he became discouraged because he could not begin to keep up with many of the giant Poles and Scandinavians beside whom he worked in the tunnels. He is at his best with small children, but people, even reporters, frighten him. Again and again I have heard him answer simple questions from newspaper men with "Yes, sir," and "No, sir." The mark of the road which went upon him when he was a hobo is still there. There is at least a suggestion that he still fears he may come suddenly upon a "beware of the dog" sign.

And yet the genial and easy-going

Dempsey has one field of endeavor in which he is capable of the most amazing concentration. No fighter ever trained harder for a match than did the champion for his bout with Carpentier. His daily training was open to hundreds of visitors every day, but he never showed the least consciousness that people were watching him. Dempsey's eyes were all for his sparring partner or the punching-bag. He used to go after a punching-bag with as much intensity and earnestness as if it were a rival boxer trying to take away his title. When it comes to training Jack Dempsey is a greasy grind. In actual combat this same concentration adds to his efficiency. He makes no false moves. Though a fierce and hard fighter, he takes no long chances. Having been pictured so often as the caveman, Dempsey has seen fit to adopt the hint. He scowls ferociously and in all his championship matches wears at least a three days' growth of beard. But for all that, there is nothing primitive about his boxing. Such an adjective implies a swirling, unthinking rage after the manner in which animals fight. Dempsey is entirely cool and collected. He never loses his head or his temper in the ring.

The first time Carpentier was knocked down Dempsey was punctilious in walking all the way across the ring to give him a chance to get up again. When the final knockout came it was Dempsey

who was the first to lift the Frenchman up.

Jack Dempsey is an unusually hard fighter, particularly persistent in attack, but he is not a caveman or anything like it. He has carefully and studiously acquired and perfected the complicated technique of boxing. A real caveman who had never heard of the Marquis of Queensbury would demolish Dempsey, because he is a man whose skill lies strictly within the rules.

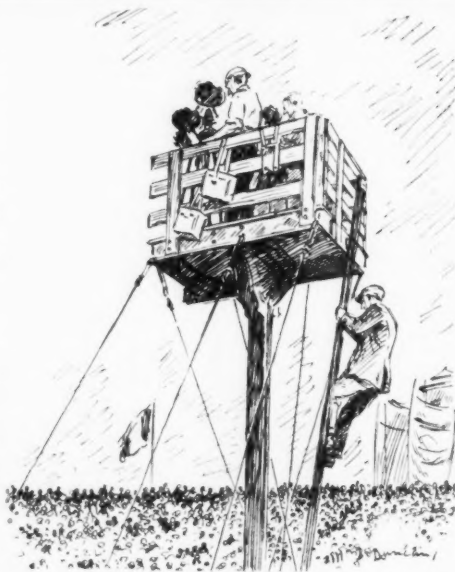
AFTER writing so much about Dempsey I have almost convinced myself that I was his eager partisan on the day of the fight, and I was no such thing. Logically I should have been, because I had seen him several times and liked him, while I did not know Carpentier at all. But logic was the first knockout victim of the afternoon.

Dempsey, the American, received a far smaller volume of cheers than Carpentier, the Frenchman. If you choose, of course, that may be explained on the ground that Carpentier went to war and fought well and Dempsey did not go at all. That, I think, is not the reason. Dempsey was second in the crowd's favor chiefly because he was large, and even a greater handicap was the fact that he has no skill at all as an actor while Carpentier has a marvelous feeling for a crowd.

The Frenchman has what actors call "authority." He commands attention. He gives much to a multitude and he takes a good deal of inspiration back in return. Just before he came into the ring a woman reporter came up to her seat in one of the press rows. She had been down under the stand and had seen him as he left his dressing room. "He looks terribly," she said. "He's haggard and pale and his mouth's all twisted. There were two policemen walking with him and he looked exactly like a man who'd been arrested for something." Just then Carpentier leaped up from the ground and jumped through the ropes. A hearty cheer began and it grew louder as he stood up and whirled all about the ring, his hands high above his head, acknowledging the cheers of the ninety thousand. There was a peculiar grace about him as he flicked off his bathrobe of gray flowered silk.

There in the middle of the ring with sunlight on it was the most beautiful body the prize ring has ever known. From the point of view of sheer fighting utility he's just a little too thin in the waist, ominously thin once the artistic viewpoint is thrown out, but this slight man with the thin waist was smiling as if he had nothing more in front of him than an eighteen-hole round of golf with a dear friend. In waiting for his rival to appear he was probably undergoing one of the most distressing sorts of nerve agony known to man, but it did not even touch the edges of his smile.

Presently Dempsey came. He had no bathrobe and used an old



Atop a single steel girder, high above the crowd, was the "crow's nest" where the motion pictures were taken.

red sweater instead. Even from the twentieth row the heavy growth of beard showed. He seemed to bulge out all over with the usual set of muscles and then there came another set piled on top. His sixteen pounds of advantage in weight might have been fifty from the manner in which he loomed above Carpentier.

Now, as a matter of fact, I have never felt any prejudice against anybody on account of weight. Anyone of more than two hundred pounds ought to have a suspicion of all the legends of the Jacks who killed giants. If the world in general ever came to believe these fairy stories, big men would be exposed to constant attack. The world doesn't believe them. They are simply stories told to keep up the courage of man who lives in a uni-

verse a good deal bigger than himself. And yet somehow or other the instant Dempsey stepped into the ring I was all for Carpentier. It wasn't Dempsey's size entirely, it was his manifest efficiency. He was too business-like to be sympathetic.

When the men posed, shaking hands to have their pictures taken, Carpentier looked up at Dempsey smiling and Dempsey looked straight at the camera and scowled. When they came to adjust their bandages, Carpentier chatted with people round about him. The champion kept his eyes down upon his hands. Even the excitable Descamps, who stood over him protesting volubly about something, failed to attract his attention. Dempsey simply went on winding the tape. Indeed at this moment the two heavyweight contenders seemed to be a pair of old women busily engaged in plain mending. Then they stood up and in the interval Dempsey seemed to have grown still larger. He was big business and Carpentier was the little retailer. Efficiency has dogged and harassed me all my life, although it has never caught me, and I wanted to see Dempsey lose.

In this feeling, I was not alone. In the next seat sat Don Marquis, the veteran column conductor of the *Sun*. Mr. Marquis does not go in for enthusiasms very much and he was less in the mood for them than usual. The heat was bothering him and throughout the preliminaries he had been pouring mineral water on his head. When that gave out he used near beer. Suddenly, all the bottles began to fall about me and some of the near bear as well. Marquis was up and waving his arms. He shouted wildly, "Carpentier! Carpentier! Carpentier!" At last he dropped back into his seat exhausted. "Now you do it," he said. I forgot that it was silly and took up the cry of the thousands.

CARPENTIER needed all the encouragement he could get in the first round. He was the aggressor and landed a left jab a few seconds after the bell rang, but then Dempsey got in close and punched him hard in the stomach. In every clinch the champion could move the challenger about as he pleased. Once he half wrestled and half pushed him against the ropes and to the floor, but Carpentier was up again.

Then came the second round and Carpentier's great moment when he made Dempsey rock and clinch. This was also the high point of the noise. Having no more near beer to spill upon me Marquis did nothing but beat me over the head, reproducing in his excitement every blow the Frenchman struck. I rocked with Dempsey, but I did not mind it much. Still, I wished that there stood in my place some one who is in the habit of using the phrase, "We phlegmatic Anglo-Saxons." The round ended with Dempsey still a little dazed and he

(Concluded on page 136)



From every gate of the eight-sided amphitheater stretched queues of eager fight fans and fanettes.



John G. Emery

MAJOR JOHN GARFIELD EMERY, recently chosen National Commander of the American Legion to succeed the late F. W. Galbraith, Jr., is a fighting man. He was born July 4, 1881, in Grand Rapids, Mich., and grew up there. In 1917 he left his real estate brokerage business to answer the call of the Great War. As a Captain in the 18th Infantry in France he participated in the major

offensives at Cantigny, St. Mihiel and in the Meuse-Argonne and in August, 1918, was commissioned a Major. In October, 1918, he was wounded in action and invalided home, where he was promptly elected a member of the Grand Rapids City Commission. Major Emery is married and has two daughters. His portrait above was drawn from life especially for this issue of **LESLIE'S** by Albert Rosenthal, the celebrated painter.

THE SOUL OF THE APPLE

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

Illustrated by C. CLYDE SQUIRES

MILES BRITTON, the door of whose diminutive office in the neighborhood of Wall Street bore the legend "Stocks and Bonds," was out-of-sorts with life. That it was the gayest of June mornings did not help him in the least. Quite the contrary. All the golden hilarity of the day seemed but an ironical setting to his drab, not over-successful, middle-age.

He was not really middle-aged, in the precise definition of that deary adjective, being in fact still on the comfortable side of forty. But he felt it, none the less, and, to tell the truth, had come to look it in advance of his years. Though far from ill-looking, a certain dinginess had of late stolen over him, like a dusty shadow, which served to rob his strong tall figure and his fine gray eyes of their due effect. Also, a temperamental shyness, which had always made him rather awkward and ineffective with women, had recently been growing upon him. Perhaps this was the reason why he had never married, though romance had once thrillingly brushed him with her rainbow wings.

A discouraging morning on the street had left him more than usually nervous and bored with existence, and, not having taken time for lunch, he bought a few apples from an Italian, whose stall caught his eye as he listlessly made his way back through the vital hurrying throng to his dead little office.

"Any word from the Jacobs people?" he asked his much-marcelled stenographer, as he entered.

No word.

"Well, you'd better get your lunch, Miss Perkins," he said, to which end in fact that decorative young lady was already vigorously preparing her complexion.

"You need not hurry back," he added kindly, "it's a lovely day out."

Why he said that he couldn't have told. To suspicious ears it might have had a curious sound. A lady visitor, perhaps? Or perhaps he was meditating suicide, and naturally didn't want to be disturbed. However, Miles Britton had no such entertaining plans.

"A nuisance about Jacobs!" he mut-

tered, as he threw himself into his desk-chair.

"He promised to telephone yesterday."

Then noticing the apples which he had brought in with him, he selected one of them which had particularly caught his eye, because of its being rather different from

So Britton returned to his apple, but had barely taken another bite before the telephone was again ringing.

Again it wasn't Jacobs, but again it was the sweet silvery voice of a very young woman, depressingly gay. It was the last kind of voice he wanted to hear in his present state of mind.

"The wrong number again!" he growled back, not over courteously, and hung up the receiver with a vicious snap.

Again he returned to his apple, but almost instantly the telephone rang again. This time he lost his patience.

"My dear lady!" he called, "for the third time I tell you that you have got the wrong number. This is a place of business—Miles Britton, stock-broker, 0678 Wall," and he was about to ring off once more, when he stayed his hand. The silvery voice was answering back in a rather surprising way.

"The number is perfectly right," it was saying, "and Miles Britton is exactly the individual I want to speak to."

"Well, then, madam, what is it I can do for you?"

"Two great blue laughing eyes were gazing up at him from the pool a few yards away, set in a face beautiful as dreams and crowned with thick poppy-colored hair, on fire with the sun."



the rest, a small apple of a curious copper color. As he munched on it, he noticed too that it had a curious aromatic flavor.

"Like a wild apple," he remarked to himself; and just then the telephone rang. "Jacobs, at last!" he exclaimed, as he caught up the receiver.

But it was not Jacobs.

"You've got the wrong number," he said rather brusquely in the impatience of his disappointment.

Instead of the much-desired Jacobs, the voice had been that of a very young woman, sweet and silvery, and depressingly gay.

"You seem to have forgotten your engagement with me for this afternoon?"

"Engagement?"

"Certainly. Do you mean to say that you don't know my voice, and have forgotten that we are to meet this afternoon, at the foot of the old orchard, by the water-lily pond?"

This was certainly not the expected message from Jacobs, and Britton was softened, in spite of his irritation.

"Indeed, madam—there must be some mistake. You or I must be dreaming. It must be some other Miles Britton you are thinking of."

"No, there is only one Miles Britton—for me," said the voice, with a little laugh. "I have not forgotten your voice, if you have forgotten mine. But, of course, you know well enough. It is only one of your stupid jokes, Miles. So, listen. I have only time for one more word. There is an express to Green Woods from the Grand Central at 2.15. If you are not on it, I shall never speak to you again."

And, before Britton could answer, the voice was gone.

"The girl must be out of her mind," he said to himself, "and yet there *was* something about her voice . . . what was it?" and his thoughts went wandering in a dreamy sort of way, as though the voice had cast a spell over him, and Jacobs and the dingy little office were for a while forgotten. Presently he looked at his watch.

One-thirty! Time still to catch the 2.15. Suppose he took her at her word! It would be wonderful

had been suddenly set down into a half-forgotten but still dimly familiar past. Something that hardly seemed himself was strangely at home there, and without hesitation guided his steps along a road leading through a landscape that he seemed rather to have dreamed than known. As he went on, certain trees and turns of the road began strangely to stir his memory, and when at length he stood before an old farm with its seven great maples in front, and its tumble-down house sinking deep into an old haunted-looking orchard of gnarled apple-trees, he felt as one who, walking in his sleep, has suddenly awakened in the moonlight.

"It cannot be," he said, looking across the white railings at the old house, round which the grass was growing high, with no signs of life or occupancy anywhere. The windows of the house were boarded, the barns were falling to pieces. The place was deserted—sinking back year by year into the green earth from which it sprang.

"It cannot be," he repeated; "that voice was an hallucination—a trick of nerves. It is all too long ago."

But, even as he said this to himself, he pushed open the gate, and somnambulistically passed into the dooryard, and down into the shadowy orchard, overgrown with burdocks and blackberry bushes and tangled with poison-ivy and deadly nightshade.

he drew nearer, a broad pool, still and enchanted with water-lilies, spread before him. Frogs fantastically marked sat on the floating leaves; in dazzling immobility dragon-flies blue as the sky poised with dizzy wings above the ivory cups. Like a plucked cello string, a bull-frog somewhere penetrated the silence.

"At the foot of the old orchard, by the water-lily pond," the silvery voice had said, and unconsciously he repeated the words aloud.

As he did so, he seemed to hear a light splash such as a fish makes leaping out of the water. He looked and listened—and then came the softest silvery laugh, as though it bubbled up from the pool itself. Again he looked and listened in vain, but, when presently the laughter was repeated his eyes were quicker to follow his ears.

Two great blue laughing eyes were quietly gazing up at him from the pool, a few yards away, set in a face beautiful as dreams and crowned with thick poppy-colored hair, on fire with the sun. She stood breast-high among the lilies, so that the lilies and her bosom seemed one. Britton gazed at her in a dream, and, still as the pool she stood in, she gazed back at him, without a sound.

They were like two enchanted beings in an enchanted world.

At last her voice came to him, again that soft silver:

"So you caught the train, darling," she said. "I knew, of course, you would. Wait for me under that apple-tree yonder."

And, as Britton turned, he heard her silvery plashing as she left the water, and, in a few moments, she was by his side, clad but in a leopard skin, like a Bacchante of old, and carrying in her hand a giant bulrush from the pond.

How lovely she looked! an unbelievable vision in his dusty life. The scales fell from his eyes, and a great joy of recognition leaped up in his heart.

"Meriel!" he cried. "Oh, it cannot be true!"

"And why not, Miles?" she asked simply, as she seated herself at his side, with her glorious head against his knee.

"I couldn't understand you today. What was the matter, dear? Think of your not knowing my voice. It's that old office. It's getting on your nerves. Never mind, dear; wait till we're married. Then I'll take better care of you."

And she reached up her hand tenderly, and stroked his cheek, and ran her fingers through his hair.

"Dear old curls!" she said.

Now Britton had been thinking that his curls, once thick and raven, were things of the past, and involuntarily he put his hand to his head. They certainly felt thick and bushy enough.

"It must be your hand that makes them," he said.

"And not a single gray hair—in spite of the old office," she continued.

"Dear flatterer!" he said, for he knew his hair to be plentifully streaked by Time.

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in the country anyway. He seemed to grow younger at the thought. Damn Jacobs! Let him ring. Damn the office! Let it go to the devil. Yes! he would catch the 2.15.

As the train, at length free of the city, sped deeper and deeper into the green heart of Connecticut, and the Sound began to shimmer hazily at his right, it dawned on Britton that his journey was not so much through so many miles of space, as through certain years of time, and when at length he stepped out on to the little country platform, the only passenger to alight, it seemed that he

Chipmunks frisked and chattered among the boughs, and birds called liquidly one to the other, and butterflies caught the sunrays here and there falling through the dense ceiling of leaves. Only such little creatures were there, and the steady drone of bees. It was a place under a spell. Green solitude and golden idleness. Summer asleep.

As Britton softly pushed his way through the luxuriant leafiness, dappled with the elfin play of sun and shade, like the flying fingers of an unheard music, his eyes suddenly caught the gleam of water far down at the foot of the orchard, and as

THE RICHEST WOMEN IN THE WORLD

By HOMER CROY

MRS. WRENN, one of the richest women in the world, moved back and forth in her kitchen preparing the noonday meal. Having completed the process she came out on the porch in her bare feet and called dinner. Her husband, moving about the garage, dropped his tools and came in. Seating themselves they helped themselves liberally from the big bowl in the center of the table with their fingers. And when they had completed it, Mrs. Wrenn went out on the front porch and covering herself with a mosquito net laid her ponderous and mountainous weight down and sought her afternoon siesta, while her husband adjourning to the hammock gave himself

Osage Indians were once in Southern Kansas and got from the Government forty dollars a year for giving up their land. On farms they were settled and here tried to scratch out a living, but it was pretty tough scratching, for in the early days Kansas was no bed of roses. With all



She manages, somehow, to exist on \$10,000 a year.



One of the oil-fields, from which comes the "black gold" that is making modern Croesuses of the Oklahoma Indians and rating them high on Uncle Sam's Income-Tax List.

up to the sonorous delights of a full stomach.

And thus we get a passing glimpse into the home life of the richest women in the world, per capita. They are the squaws of the Osage Indian nation.

There are many individuals who are richer than are the Osage women, but none approach them as a class. Their income per person is the highest in the world.

It is all explained in one word—oil.

It all came about in a curious way. The

due respect to the good people of Kansas, a couch of thorns would be more descriptive of the time. But there the Indians lived, trying to farm with a rusted mouldboard, a cow and a horse as motive power.

The Indian Territory was then being laid out into a State and into this new section the Osages were moved and it was their luck to draw, seemingly, the worst part of Oklahoma. It was a section that the other tribes had entered such strong and resolute objections to that each and

all had escaped it until the Osages were dumped down on it. It did not take them long to sigh for Kansas, but their bed had been made and they must lie in it.

Harder scratching than ever it was, so hard that the transplanted people yearned for their cyclones and grasshoppers. To them Kansas was the happy hunting-ground—and an extra forty dollars a year thrown in. Among the sagebrush and alkali they moved, wrestling mightily with the soil, until 1915 when a few men with greasy overalls came through calculating and testing and digging. The discouraged and disappointed tribesmen, whose hopes had risen before, kept to the shade and opened another can of corned beef. But another "rig" went up and pretty soon a black, gushing, bewildering flood rose.

"Oil! Oil!" the cry went out, but it meant nothing to them and they got out the family cow and put her in the tugs. But more people came, more oil rigs went up, and the rush was on.

It became the scene of the wildest oil excitement. From all over the world people poured in; towns sprang up almost overnight and canvas cities rose where the prairie dog a few weeks before had picked his teeth in contentment.

But instead of making the mistake the other tribes had made when "black gold" was first found among them, a "blanket" method of proportioning the oil was arrived at. Thus instead of all the money going to a few Indians on whose land the liquid wealth chanced to be found, it was to be divided equally between all mem-



Even the wealthy have their troubles!

bers of the tribe whether or not the oil was actually on their land. And it was done. Thus instead of a few Indians getting it all, as in the case of Jackson Barnett who came to be several times a millionaire, the money was to be distributed equally among men, women and children. All you had to do was to be an Osage. No more questions asked.

The first year, 1915, each member of the tribe received \$170.25. It made them blink. There was sure a lot of money in Oklahoma. They had been used to the forty for so long that they thought there must be some catch to it. But there wasn't. Nobody came and took away anything.

The following year each and every Indian received \$826.06.

"There must be a catch to this one," they said, as so many times advantage had been taken of them in their dealings with white people, and so they rushed out and spent it. But those who kept their money did not have it taken away from them. No white man with a badge came in and said it was a mistake, made them sign something and then walked off with a satisfied look.

More oil flowed, more people came. Lumber-yards sprang up where rattlesnakes had basked in the sun, and rigs began to appear on the hills, while all night the chugging went on. Pipe trucks came, railroad spurs were laid and the hills that had baked so long in the blistering suns of summer now echoed to the unloading of pipe and the snort of drilling engines. Rigs stood everywhere—tall and gaunt and spidery against the evening sky—while strange men slept in the railroad waiting-room.

The following year, 1917, each and



They still carry them this way in Oklahoma.

every Indian whose name was on the government books received, to have and to hold, \$2,608. Again the Indians blinked pleasantly, but this time without so much worrying. They were now beginning to take it calmly. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to get a couple of thousand dollars each. When they thought of the forty they would nearly burst themselves laughing. That would hardly take care of a blow-out.

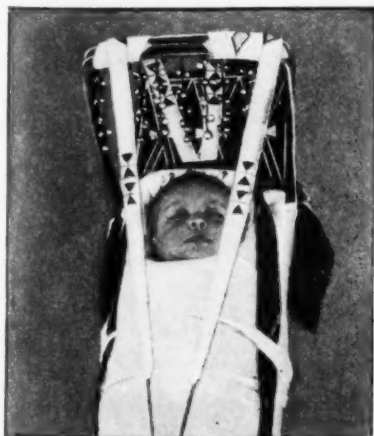
In the course of time the year 1919 rolled around and the good oil Santa Claus left \$5,171, in their stocking and all they had to do in return was to be an Indian. Not a hand did they turn—only except now and then they did have to go in to Pawhuska and sign the payroll. Otherwise the time was their own. They could fish, hunt and speed it up to their heart's content. And they did. Once they had traveled with their ponies dragging the ends of their tepees on the ground, sometimes making twenty and thirty miles a day, but now a high-powered car seemed somewhat slow, and especially on the upgrades.

And then the year 1920 folded its tent and stole away and they found themselves \$10,091 richer. For this sum they had not had to turn over a hand—except of course the monotony of having to sign the payroll every time an installment came in.

Each year the sum gets bigger. Each year just being an Indian gets to be a better-paying job. How long will it last?



As it was yesterday. Today—thanks to oil—baseball, automobiles and the movies are making life fearfully complicated for some of the new-rich Osages.



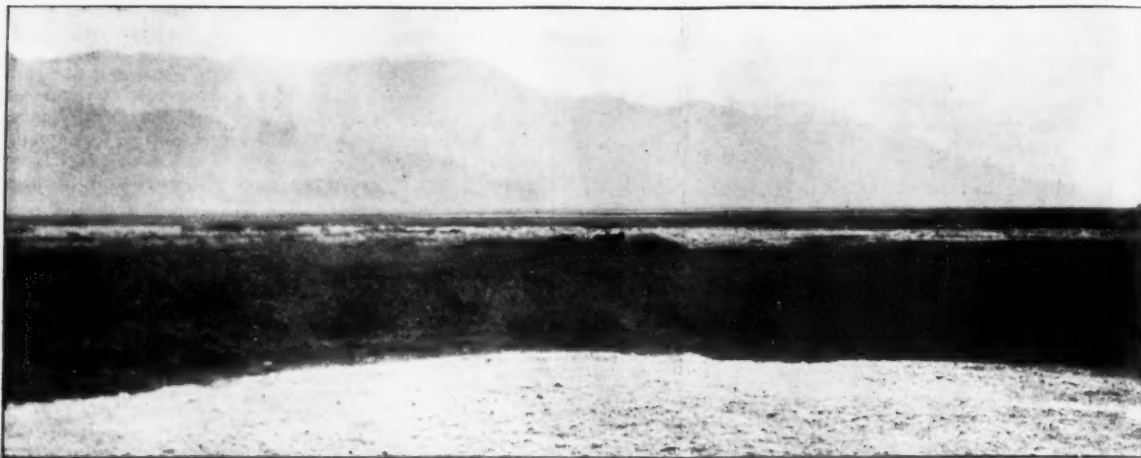
She owns a car and diamonds—"an' everything!"

But the end was not yet. Aladdin was still rubbing his lamp.

The year 1918 came around and they found \$3,940 on their doorstep. They looked it over—and it seemed a trifle small. It would take a little pinching here and there to get along, so quickly does human nature accustom itself to luxury. The parson who considered himself passing rich on forty pounds a year would, if he suddenly got eighty the following, wonder how in the world he had ever managed it in the old days.

No one knows. One of the last bills President Wilson signed was one extending Indian oil protection until 1946. Up to that time the land will be leased out to white operators and the profits turned over to the Indians. After that the Indians will have to shift for themselves. But according to the last reports none of the Indians had yet found it impossible to sleep.

But just getting \$10,000 a year isn't all. There are other perquisites along the
(Concluded on page 136)



In the article below Mr. Gassaway refers to the wild horses of Death Valley. Here are some of them—caught by an unusually lucky pho-

tographer. A few years ago there were thousands of them in the Southwest; but today these strange equine nomads are rarely ever found.

WELCOME TO THE VALLEY OF DEATH

Sign-Posts Now Guide the Motorist Through the Hottest Place on Earth

By GORDON GASSAWAY

WHEN the Automobile Club of Southern California decided that Death Valley was a spot of such overwhelming danger to motorists that it should be fenced off, one of the club's directors said:

"Why not sign-post it?"

The suggestion was acted upon favorably, and just the other day the last of 700 large metal signs was placed in the center of the Valley of Death.

Death Valley! What a name to con-

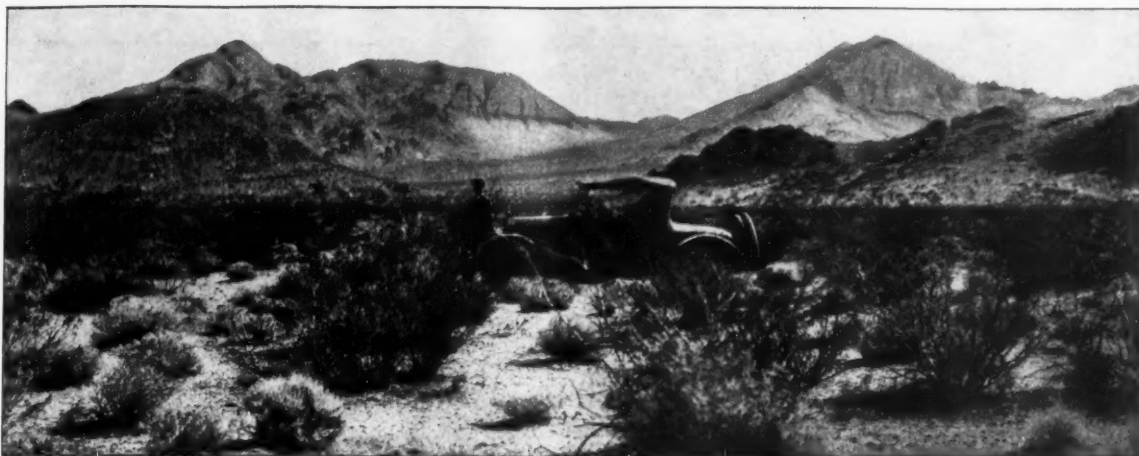
jure with! This lonely little hole out on the eastern edge of California, sunk in the earth's surface more than three hundred feet below sea-level and the hottest spot on the face of the globe, has been the romantic scene of more stories, fact and



"Day by day the sign-posting went on, until now a trip from Goldfield or Reno, Nevada, to California through the Valley of Sorrows can be made with comparative safety—if you follow the signs. But woe betide the traveler who ignores the signs and tries a short-cut!"

"This lonely little hole out on the eastern edge of California, sunk in the earth's surface more than three hundred feet below sea-level and the hottest spot on the face of the globe, has been the romantic scene of more stories, fact and fiction, than were ever turned out by Victor Hugo and Balzac combined."





Looking for signs of water in the Valley. How many men in days gone by died in Death Valley because they failed in their search

for it will never be known, but there must have been literally hundreds. But now the auto sign-posts point the way to water and safety.

fiction, than were ever turned out by Victor Hugo and Balzac combined.

It was here that "Borax" Smith, with his twenty-mule team, made a name and fortune for himself hauling borax out of the clutches of death into California cities, which paid him well for his trouble. It was within the rim of this hole, which is 200 miles long and from one to ten miles wide, that "Death Valley" Scott—known as Scotty—put over one of the greatest hoaxes of America, since Mark Twain's Jumping Frog story.

Nearly everyone remembers that Scotty once chartered a whole train to carry him from California to Atlantic City for the purpose of spending his money, which he claimed he had found in Death Valley. It later developed that he was hired as a publicity agent by the railroad on which he traveled.

That, however, is neither here nor there. Death Valley remained the impenetrable mystery. In July, August and September it gaped its maw open to swallow into its parched throat what it could. Rattlesnakes and other heat-loving reptiles died in the heat. Straggling roads across its sands literally curled up and blew away. The wind from the Valley seared all the country in its path. Bones of coyotes whitened in the blistering sun. Wild horses ran here and there, foam-flecked, searching for water they never found. It was Inferno on earth.

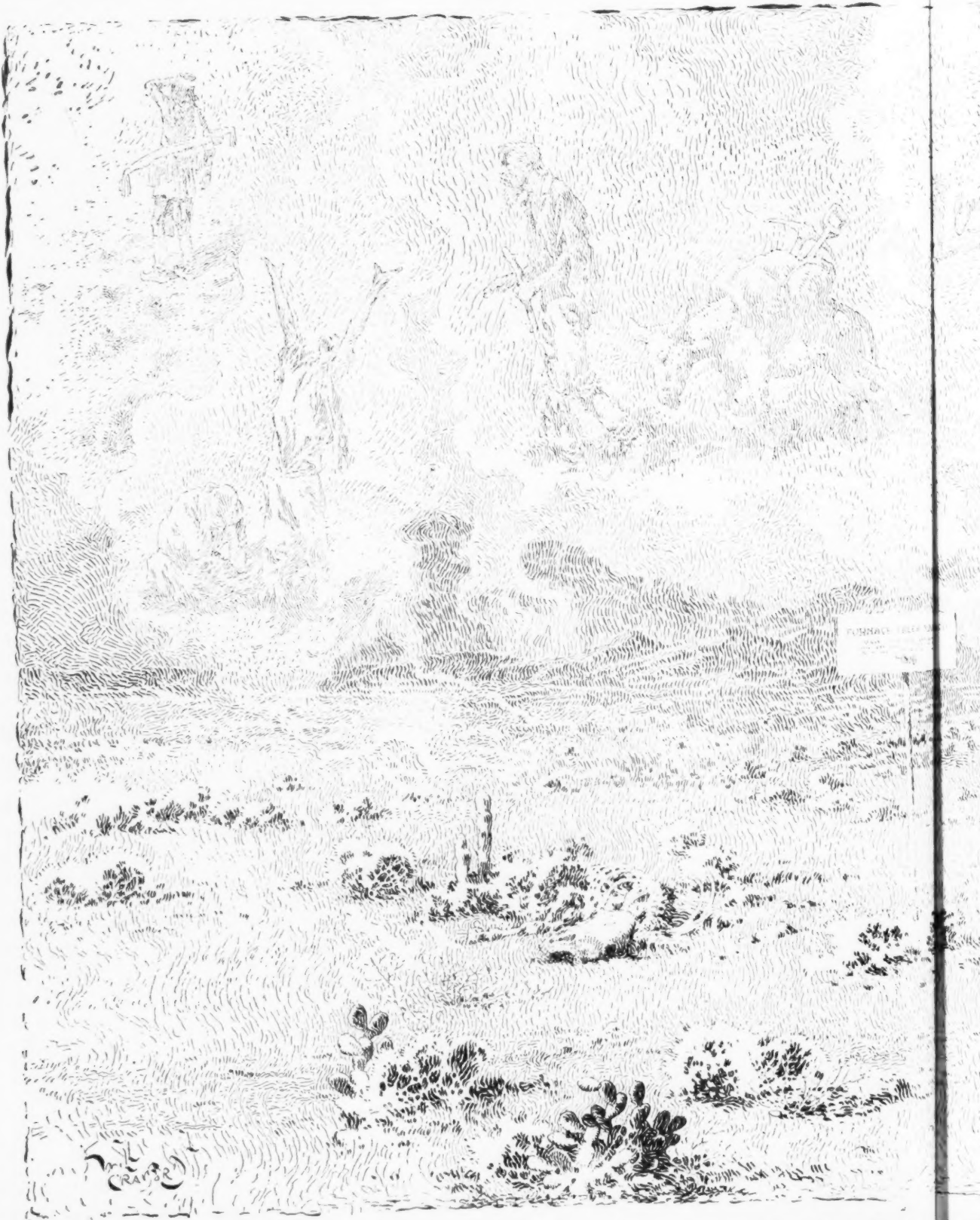
Then came the automobile. Intrepid motorists, brave but foolhardy, sought news of Death Valley from the Auto Club routing bureaus. "Don't get mixed up with Death Valley," warned the Club. But motorists did get mixed up with the Valley, and many were the tales which leaked into the newspapers of narrow escapes from death in the Oven of Hell.

The Club sought to prevent autoists from entering the Valley, but the task was hopeless. Then, because the routes circling the Valley, and even crossing it in

(Continued on page 138)

In camp at Granite Well, a little oasis in the vast expanse of parched sand (right). A view of the "Valley of Death" from Furnace Creek Ranch (below).





Drawn for LESLIE'S by Will Crawford

The Pathfinder in D

Amid the Shimmering Heat of this Waterless Waste a Ghostly Caravan of Pi



Under in Death Valley

Car of Pioneers from the Past Hovers Over the Trail-Makers of Today.



Babe Ruth snapped at his new stunt—hitting the ball straight up in the air for distance.



Ruth grasps his bat so near the end that the flesh of the lower hand extends beyond the handle.



Roger Hornsby (St. Louis) holds his bat with all fingers at ease until he starts a swing.



Ty Cobb uses a tape-wound bat. He is the only big leaguer whose hands grip the club so far apart.

WHAT BABE HAS DONE TO BASEBALL

It's a Brand-New Game, in John Heydler's Opinion, Thanks to the Ruthless One

By EDWIN A. GOEWEY

QUITE a number of years ago King Solomon, accredited with being the wisest of his generation, made the statement that 'there is no new thing under the sun.' In recent years the would-be wise ones have been repeating this expression with particular reference to our national pastime.

Thus spake John A. Heydler, president of the National League, when I asked him to discuss the so-called "lively ball," the present-day brand of baseball in which slugging is the outstanding feature, and also the influence of Babe Ruth's home-run activities on the modern game. "But," he continued, "they are wrong, absolutely and positively. In the season of 1920, and the current one, the great American sport has undergone a complete metamorphosis and, except in its essentials, is radically different from the game which obtained for a great many years. The pitching is different—perhaps not so good; but the great change, the change which appeals to the fans and most of the players, is that each and every game has become a slugging contest, with home-run hits a-plenty and extra base-hits galore.

"Who is responsible for this metamorphosis in baseball? Babe Ruth. Yes, Ruth and his home-run hitting have done more to change the style of the modern game than all other agencies combined. Others have seen him just bang away and smash the ball to all corners of the lot and over the fence, and have said to themselves: 'If he can do it, so can I,' and they have gone out, one and all, to try to make good. Hence the new game of baseball."

When the president of the National League, and one of baseball's keenest judges, stands right up in meeting and gives his unqualified endorsement of the star of the rival major organization, it constitutes about the strongest praise that could be given.

"Babe Ruth is in a class by himself," said Mr. Heydler, "the greatest long-distance hitter baseball has known to date. His achievements may never be surpassed. It is ridiculous to compare any batter in either league with him today, for none can even approach him in his specialty. And note this: Ruth is becoming a better batsman all the time. No longer does he swing at any ball pitched in his direction. He waits and 'picks 'em,' and there is no telling what his record will be by the time the 1921 season is completed. The fans of today are fortunate in being able to see Ruth in action."

"This much you can state with authority," continued the National League president, "I put no stock in the so-called 'lively' ball lament. The same kind of ball now in play will be used next year, and probably for years to come, unless the

manufacturers make a better article. The fans wouldn't stand for a softer ball, just to aid the pitchers and cut down the batting, and the hitters are going to keep right on stepping into the ball and slamming it as far as they are able. They've seen Babe turn the trick, and all want to be Ruths. Maybe, some day, some of them will be.

"All this talk about the 'lively ball' of the present day is silly. It is true that the ball now being pitched is a better ball than was used in the warperiod. Better leather is being utilized and better materials inside enable a tighter winding. But these are natural improvements and nothing has been done by the manufacturers to make a new kind of ball which will distinctly favor the batsmen.

"You remember that a few years ago the stitching along the seams came slightly above the leather. Every effort was made to overcome this defect, because it enabled the pitchers to get a very firm grip on the sphere and make it do 'tricks.' This gave them a distinct advantage over the batters which everyone, except the twirlers, desired to overcome. The manufacturers now are able to turn out what is practically a perfectly smooth ball, and this circumstance naturally has added another difficulty for the hurlers.

LET us go further in analyzing this question of the 'lively ball.' Up to last season only a comparatively few pitchers studied to perfect themselves in genuinely skillful twirling made up almost entirely of curves and change of pace. Most of the twirlers tried to master all kinds of unusual pitching, using all manner of foreign substances on the surface of the ball, to moisten, discolor or roughen its surface; some adopted the 'spit ball' outright, and some of them even used their finger-nails to cut into the leather.

"Last season all tricky pitching was placed under the ban, and the only twirlers given permission to use the 'spitter' in the major leagues were those who had been using it in the seasons past. When these have outlived their usefulness in the big time, spit-ball pitching will cease to exist there.

"All this would indicate that the hurlers have been put on the defensive, so to speak, since the new rules went into effect, and this undoubtedly has had considerable to do with the increased batting, and particularly with the surplus of extra base-hits. However, the pitchers who never relied much on tricks, but became masters of fine curves and a splendid change of pace, are still to be feared as much as ever. Today, as in the past, the twirler who can mix the slow, teasing balls with the fast ones has the batters guessing. Some of the best

hitters continue to 'break their backs' in unsuccessful attempts to connect with the slow tosses.

"For a time we were inclined to permit the twirlers to use a little resin on the tips of their fingers to enable them to take a firmer grip on the ball, and for this purpose we had tiny bags of resin prepared for the mound men to carry in their pockets. However, in actual practice, we discovered that the tossers literally covered their hands with the stuff, thereby defeating the purpose of the amended pitching rules. As a result we threw out the resin entirely, and now the pitchers must depend entirely upon their own skill.

"Naturally the pitchers do not relish the changes, but they need expect no mercy from the batters. The latter now can stand right up to the plate and bang away with little fear of personal injury, for the elimination of freak deliveries has greatly reduced the chance to the batter of being hit by the ball. Personally I believe that the pitching in both big leagues is not up to standard. What we must have are more men who possess real curves and a good change of pace. It is up to the managers to devote their best energies to developing first-class hurlers.

"The Boston Braves are an example of what a club can do when equipped with first-class young pitching material. More boys are playing baseball than ever before, and since they understand that they must strive to master real and not fake deliveries, if they would become successful professionals, they are working toward the desired end. Professional baseball has obtained most of its real stars from the lots and smaller colleges, and by another season I believe some splendid material, now sorely needed, will be obtained from these sources.

"NOW for the second phase of the new batting situation. For many years, and up to quite recently, most of the major league players devoted a considerable share of their energies to so-called 'inside' baseball. Instead of slamming the sphere, after a man had reached first, everything possible was done to coax him around with bunts and sacrifices. Willie Keeler was a master of the bunt and short hit, and for a number of years his methods exercised a mighty influence upon the game and were widely copied.

"Then 'along came Ruth,' to quote the words of the old song. As a first-class pitcher he had mastered all the tricks of his trade, and when he departed from the mound and entered the outfield, he put that knowledge to the test. For years a heavy, though somewhat spasmodic, hitter, he waded right in to 'kill' the ball.

"At first he was not dependable, for as a usual thing he either struck out or sent the pellet a mile, and used poor judgment in picking the balls at which to swing. But he was fearless, had faith in the power of his arms and shoulders, and soon became the king of all home-run hitters, making all past records look puny by comparison. In 1919 he won his spurs with twenty-nine homers, and last season set the baseball world by the ears with the phenomenal record of fifty-four circuit clouts. In fact, so afraid of him were the

pitchers in 1920, that he was passed 148 times, while Sisler, who led the American League in batting, got only forty-six free trips to first, and this player had no mean record with nineteen home-runs to his credit."

BABERUTH, as an extra-base bingler, stands today without a peer. He will probably hold the premier position in baseball for a considerable time, for he is young, "strong as a bull," believes in and takes care of himself, and possesses that peculiar temperament which enables him to throw off disappointments easily. He thrives on the plaudits of the crowd and takes extreme delight in theatrical performance. His newest stunt, to hit a ball as far into the air as possible in the practice sessions, pleases both the on-lookers and himself and gives him added opportunity to pose in the limelight early and often. But praise and success have not turned his head, and he is liked and admired by his fellows as much as any man in the game.

Ruth has little to do this season but break his own batting records, and following out his plan to do this, he accomplished some noteworthy performances along the middle of June. He made four home-runs in two successive contests, beating his own mark of three in two games, and also ran up a total of seven circuit clouts in five consecutive contests, a new major league record. On Monday, June 13, he hit a ball over the Polo Ground enclosure a distance of 442 feet 3 inches, and the next day sent a homer 8 feet further, or 450 feet from the home plate, the longest hit on record. Golf balls not infrequently are driven between 350 and 375 yards, though the man who makes such a drive is usually mighty proud of his feat. By comparing these two "wallops" and considering the difference in conditions and tools employed, a sportsman, particularly one familiar with golf, will appreciate what Ruth really accomplished in making his longest hit.

LET us turn back the pages of baseball history ten years to 1911, a sensational season well remembered by the veterans, when Christy Mathewson was still able to pitch the Giants into pennants and when Frank Baker was able to beat these same New Yorkers out of a world's championship with his home-run wallops. You'll remember they did occasionally hit home-runs in the old days, even if Ruth hadn't yet come along to make them a fad.

That year old Hanus Wagner, as was his custom, topped the National League hitters with .334, but he garnered only nine homers, sixteen triples and twenty-three doubles. Miller, of Boston, with .333, had seven four-sack clouts. Other circuit hitters in the parent league were: Larry Doyle, Giants, thirteen; Zimmermann, Cubs, nine; Luderus, Phillies, sixteen; Schulte, Cubs, twenty-one; Wilson, Pirates, twelve; Hoblitzell, Reds, eleven; Magee, Phillies, fifteen; and Merkle, Giants, ten.

Cobb, who led the American organization with .420, made eight homers, and Jackson, with .408, made seven. That year the American pitchers were exceedingly strong and the circuit sluggers were

(Concluded on page 142)



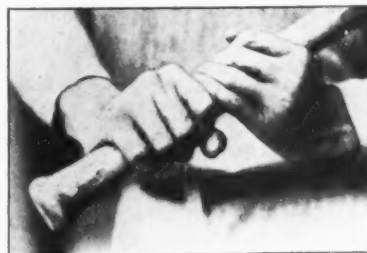
Harry Heilmann (Detroit). Next to Ruth, probably the hardest hitter in the American League.



George Kelly (N. Y. Giants) has one of the finest grips in baseball for getting everything possible out of his club.



Fred Williams (Philadelphia) permits his fingers to rest lightly on the bat until he starts his swing.



Ed Roush (Cincinnati Reds) holds his club far from the end, but closes his hands with a grip of steel when he swings.



KEYSTONE

These binders at work on a Western ranch represent a fraction of the nation's investment of \$80,000,000,000 in agriculture

FARMERS ADOPT COLLECTIVE BARGAINING

The Nation's Producers from the Soil Are Organizing the Greatest Co-operative Movement in the History of the World

By ANDREW S. WING

Associate Editor "Farm and Fireside"

ONCE upon a time a strong man and a brave woman, his wife, traveled far into a new country, a fertile land covered with a dense forest. They took with them a pair of horses, a wagon, an axe, a plow, a rifle and a few other utensils. Here they built a rude hut and started a home of their own. Their nearest neighbors were many miles away.

Soon a small clearing was made, seeds planted, a farm begun. Here they lived simply but plentifully for about ten years, on the crops they grew and on wild game. Each year the clearing grew, new fields were fenced, new rooms were added to the house as needed to provide for a growing family. Twice a year the man went to the nearest settlement with furs and other products to exchange for the few simple needs they could not provide themselves. They were happy and content.

But at last another settler came and started a homestead nearby. Others came, the forest disappeared, a settlement grew up. Finally a store was started. The store provided a way for selling surplus products, a means of exchanging crops for other goods. Prices were low, land was worth only a few cents an acre, needs were simple, and everyone was happy and content; for they had their homes, plenty to live on, and a little to spare.

At last, a railroad

was built through the town, more people came, all the land was occupied and most of it cleared. More stores appeared, trade increased, churches and schools were built, civilization crept in. Access to the outer world made prices better but it also increased the wants. Better clothes were sought, substantial homes replaced huts, expensive farm machines were introduced, land values increased amazingly. So, in spite of the apparent increase in prosperity, there was really not as much in proportion as before. For now crops were sold, livestock shipped out, and the money thus obtained was used to supply the wants of the farmers.

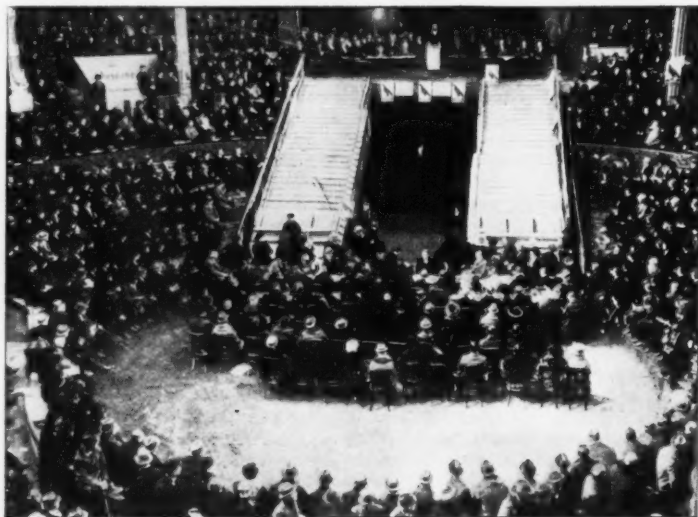
But sometimes there were bad years, when prices went down. Complaints were heard against the men who bought

the crops and livestock. They did not pay high enough prices, people said. But these men replied that they only exacted a modest commission, and that they could not afford to pay more because the big dealers in far-away cities kept prices down. These big dealers, on the other hand, claimed that the prices they paid were in line with world prices set in the great world market-places by the law of supply and demand.

So at last the farmers all banded together and pooled their products and stored them in a warehouse, to await a time when prices should become more favorable. A skilled business man was employed to sell the pooled products, and he did it well, making a profit on the transactions which was paid back to the

farmers in proportion to their patronage. The consumer, on the other hand, did not pay any more for what he bought.

But while this made farm profits a little more in proportion to what it cost the farmers to grow their crops, it did not make farming really profitable when compared with other business. So a council was called and a committee appointed to find out what was the matter. This committee, after studying the situation very carefully, reported that the trouble was that their co-operative society was competing with similar organizations in all parts of the coun-



INTERNATIONAL

German farmers realize the benefits of co-operation. Here is a view of the first post-war Farmers' Convention in session recently in Berlin

try. What was really needed, they said, was a national federation of farmers' societies so that market gluts could be prevented by orderly marketing. They also reported that by eliminating speculation and inefficient handling by the too large number of middlemen, it would be possible to make still further savings, which would be returned to the farmers.

This sounded like sense, and so, after much discussion and conferring with other groups of farmers, the plan was adopted and put into operation not, however, without great opposition on the part of the middlemen who were affected.

And thus a great co-operative farmers' movement came about.

THE above story is true. It is the story in its simplest form of what has happened to the American farmer in the past hundred years. The present situation is the result of the growth of the farming industry. This thing would have come about inevitably even had there been no war; the Great War merely brought things to a head a little sooner. For our virgin soils are gone; it takes skilled farming, expensive labor, high-priced fertilizer, elaborate machines to produce the crops that feed us now.

Our crop yields today are less per acre than farmers in France, England and Germany are getting on land that has been tilled for thousands of years. True, we are still producing more than our population needs, but the surplus grows smaller each year. For our rural population is at a standstill while our cities constantly grow larger. If we are to remain a self-supporting nation farming must be made attractive. Our farms must be brought back to their original productiveness. Otherwise, before many years, we shall have to buy foodstuffs from other nations and at a premium, too.

Anything that the United States Government could do to prevent such a catastrophe would be wise foresight. But governments, especially democratic governments, do not always look far ahead. In this case the people who are most concerned, at least at the present time, are making a huge effort to save their industry. Farmers everywhere, drawn together by the present business depression, are joining together in co-operative associations in an effort to put the business of farming on its feet.

A North Carolina farmer put the situation in a nutshell:

"In the past whenever the farmer got into trouble, he hollered for

somebody to help him out; this time he is going to help himself."

And the farmer is helping himself, although the things he has accomplished, while not inconsiderable, are a mere bagatelle compared with what he hopes to do.

Some of the principal things which farmer organizations (and it must be understood that farmers almost to a man are behind these associations) are doing and which they expect and hope to do are as follows:

1. They are working for legislation favorable to the farming business.

2. Numerous successful attempts at co-operative marketing have been made and others are being started almost daily. There are 14,000 co-operative farmers' organizations in the United States. While many fail, the great majority are succeeding.

3. These associations are investigating every phase of the present systems of marketing, transportation, distribution, financing, retailing and consumption of farm products, with a view to possible improvement of existing methods.

4. They are confident of finding ways to shorten the route from farm to market basket. For they know that the margin, for example, between the average farm price of a bushel of wheat and the average price paid by the miller or the exporter for that same bushel of wheat is great enough

to make it worth-while keeping that marginal price on the farm.

5. They hope to be able to make farming a profitable business, so that farmers can live as comfortably as city people, and so that they can make a fair interest on their investment, and at least day laborers' wages for the work which they and their families do on the farm.

IN order to get a clearer picture of the situation, let us consider for a moment

just what the farming industry represents—take an inventory of its assets and its productive resources. There are, according to the 1920 census, approximately 7,000,000 farmers actually engaged in producing farm products. Forty-nine per cent. of our total population lives on farms or in towns of 2500 or less. Farmers produce yearly about seven billion dollars of new wealth. The annual income from livestock and crops alone is enough to pay off our national debt, or to buy all the railroads in the United States, together with their equipment and rolling stock. The total investment in agriculture is in round numbers 80 billion dollars.

At the present time farming is decidedly unprofitable. But what business is profitable at the present time? I can hear you saying. Undoubtedly all business is bad. However, it remains true that farmers took their losses first, they took greater losses than any other class of business men, and they have on the whole done it philosophically.

According to the U. S. Department of Agriculture, prices for meat animals on April 15 were 37.9 per cent. lower than a year ago, and 16.3 per cent. lower than the average for the last 10 years on April 15. When it is considered that this meat was produced with high-priced labor and war-price feed, it is not hard to see why

the farmer is trying to eliminate some of the speculative element in farming. He has a slow turnover, for where the average business turns its capital over several times a year the average farmer's sales for the entire year often will not equal the amount of capital invested. It takes the farmer longer to recover a loss.

Prospects for farm profits during the season of 1921-1922 are much brighter, but at best there will be very moderate profits. Farm labor has returned to the farms, wages are getting back to normal. Farm hands are wearing their faded finery, bought with war-time wages, in the harvest fields. The present crop has been economically produced, (Concluded on page 137)



© KADEL & HERBERT

Small tractors have superseded the horse on many present-day American farms.



KEYSTONE

Irrigation has made millions of formerly arid acres highly productive; for instance, this cantaloupe ranch near Brawley, Calif.

THE RED PLAGUE—WHY IS IT SPREADING?

By HERWARD
CARRINGTON, Ph. D.

IT is rapidly becoming the curse and menace of our civilization. It is spreading in all civilized countries at an alarming rate. More than 23 per cent. of deaths, all over the world are caused by it. More people succumb to its ravages now than ever before.

What? The Red Plague—Cancer!

What are we going to do to combat it? Are we taking the proper steps, as a nation, and as individuals, to stop its spread? And what shall we do to prevent its possible occurrence in ourselves?

These are vital questions, which affect every one of us. Already about 85 deaths in every 100,000 of the population are due to this dread disease. It is becoming more and more widely prevalent. Since 1900 the death rate has increased 23 per cent., and in New York City 30 per cent. We must check its ravages!

Cancer is unquestionably a "disease of civilization." Among the natives of Japan, Korea, India and Egypt, it is relatively rare. It flourishes in the more highly civilized communities. As civilization grows, it increases also.

We must check it!

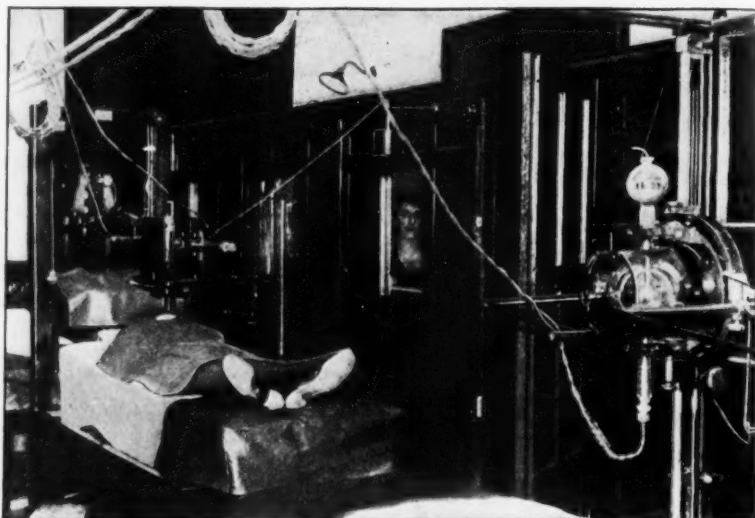
An immense amount of work has been done, in an attempt to discover the true causation of cancer, and an efficient remedy. So far, however, with only relative success. For, while medical science has discovered certain curative measures, when applied in time, the disease grows and flourishes faster than measures for its relief are instituted. We must learn not only to cure but to prevent it.

The general consensus of opinion among medical men is now practically unanimous in saying that cancer is a condition brought about by internal irritation of the tissues of the body, particularly of local areas, but also generally, and becoming manifest at certain local points.

This internal irritation is brought about in a number of different ways.

It may be primarily local, due to a blow, a scar, or the toxic action of certain substances affecting certain parts continuously. Thus, men suffer far more than women from cancer of the mouth and tongue, due doubtless to the irritation of these parts caused by smoking.

Women, on the contrary, suffer far more than men from cancer of the internal organs, particularly the reproductive organs, for, in their case, these organs are



INTERNATIONAL

An X-Ray apparatus being used in examining a cancer patient. This particular one is in the Berlin hospital of Professor R. Hirsch, one of Germany's foremost women physicians.

subject to tears and lacerations, and from these scars malignant tumors may grow.

It is undoubtedly true, however, that a cancer will never develop in a perfectly healthy body. Not only local but general bodily changes must have occurred before the growth is rendered possible. It is probable that the general chemical composition of the blood and tissues must have been altered, to some extent, prior to the time when the growth began. Once it develops, however, it is a very dense, tenacious growth, extremely difficult to eradicate thoroughly.

Much has been accomplished, of late years, by means of surgery, radium, X-rays, etc., in the way of cure. These, applied in the early stages, have cured many cases. However, the thing to do is to prevent the onset of the disease; and this the layman can do, to a very great extent, by eating the right food and living a sensible, hygienic life.

It is becoming more and more certain that cancer is due, to a very great extent, to an excess of certain food in the diet, and the lack of other elements. One food more than any other is now believed to induce cancer—viz., meat. In our civi-

lized communities, we eat more meat than ever before in the world's history; and the more meat consumed, the greater the percentage of cancer-deaths.

Dr. L. Duncan Bulkley, Senior Physician at the New York Skin and Cancer Hos-

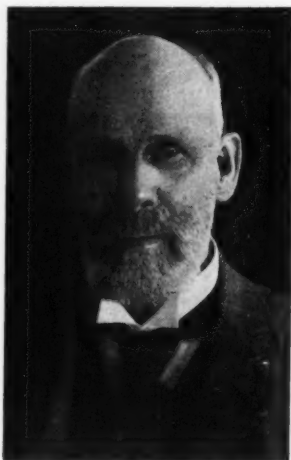
pital, has published several volumes in which he points out that meat-eating is one of the chief causes of cancer; and he records cases in which, the patient having been placed upon a rigid vegetarian diet, recovered completely, without any operation. Our more sedentary lives are also a contributory cause, preventing elimination of poisons which active exercise would dispose of.

Meat creates an acid in the blood, which acid destroys the tissues and the nerve-cells. Dr. Crile has proved that this acidity will permanently destroy the brain and nerve-cells, so that they are never repaired or replaced! This acid acts as an internal irritant to the tissues; and if, at any local point, a "blockage" of the minute blood-vessels occurs, this will serve as the starting-point of a growth which may eventuate in a cancer.

Fruits, on the contrary, make the blood alkaline. They will cut down the acidity. Fruits will also supply certain valuable substances, called "vitamines," whose presence is essential to life. It is possible that the lack of vitamins may be a contributing cause of cancer.

One of the greatest preventive measures, therefore, is to eliminate meat from the diet, so far as possible, and replace it by vegetable foods, and particularly by fruits, eaten raw, which will maintain the blood and tissues in a normal chemical condition.

Another contributory cause of cancer is probably an excess of salt, eaten with the food. Dr. Edward P. Robinson, in a recent address before the Tri-State Medical and Surgical Societies, stated his belief that salt is largely responsible for this fatal disease—and in this he is supported by a number of eminent medical authorities. Common salt is not utilizable by the body to any extent. It floats about in the blood and irritates the tissues. The quantity of salt eaten should be cut down to a minimum.



Dr. L. Duncan Bulkley, Senior Physician at the New York Skin and Cancer Hospital, New York, who declares that meat-eating is one of the chief causes of cancer.

AS WE WERE SAYING

THE WISHBONE WIGGLE

A FRENCH master of terpsichore says "zut" to the claim that the latest dances are new. He says they are old, and proves it. To invent an absolutely new dance seems a difficult job, yet we think it can be done. In fact, we ourselves have invented a new dance; all we need is somebody to introduce it at the summer hotels. In our dance, nobody gets to his feet at all. Or her feet. Foot motion in dancing having become more and more superfluous, we propose courageously to abolish it altogether. Partners sit close upon adjoining chairs, clasp each other in approved (or disapproved) modern style, and shake to music. From the waist up.

The advantage of this dance in a summer ballroom is obvious. Summer ballrooms invariably are crowded, and it is mighty hard to navigate. It is more like a block on the subway stairs than a ball. This dance will do away with the necessity for navigation. Where you are, you stay. And when the dance is over, there is no scurrying for chairs because you have never left your chairs. You merely unclinch, and begin to fan your partner. And if you want to sit out a dance, you can sit it out and dance it, too. Ask your dancing instructor to teach you the Wishbone Wiggle.

SINE DIE

MISS ALICE ROBERTSON, member of Congress from Oklahoma, says she will talk as little as possible, and urges all other members to cut out unnecessary speeches as a means of reducing the expense of printing the Congressional Record.—*Washington Despatch.*

*'Twas a session of Congress, and all through the House
Not a member was speaking. As still as a mouse
Each Congressman sat as though wrapped in a shroud,
For superfluous speech was no longer allowed.*

*Then "I move we adjourn," ventured somebody there;
The motion was carried when put by the chair,
And out of the Capitol homeward they flew,
For superfluous speeches were all that they knew!*

THE reluctance of governments to co-operate toward disarmament might be less of a puzzle if people would

stop to analyze the powers which are behind governments, which give governments their license to exist, to hold office. If a political party's continued prestige depends upon harmony, and that harmony would be destroyed if certain interests were offended or "betrayed," and those interests deal largely in the stuff of which battleships are made, the way to even an honest discussion of disarmament is barred. "How can there be another war?" ask the well-meaning. "Don't we know, as never before, what war means?" Precisely; we know just what it means; and it is rich pickings so long as there are tax-payers. It is well in this connection to remember — most folks have forgotten — that before the war the Krupps maintained secret publicity agents in both France and Germany; in Germany, near the French border, to keep alive hatred of France; and in France, near the German line, to see that hatred of Germany did not wane or waver. Business is frankly business.

LULLABY

A SPECIALIST in mental ailments says that many cases of insanity have been induced by the type

By ARTHUR H. FOLWELL

Nature Studies by W. E. HILL



"Partners sit close upon adjoining chairs, clasp each other in approved (or disapproved) modern style, and shake to music."

of fairy stories commonly related to young children. The latter were literally frightened out of their senses.—*News Note.*

Wolves are coming pitter-patter after Riding Hood;

Sleep, my deary!

They may eat my laddy-baby if he isn't good;

Sleep, my deary, sleep!

Eyes are shining, teeth are gleaming, there behind the tree;

Goblins lurk in hiding just to pounce on you and me;

Witches grim are riding, stick of broom bestriding;

Close your eyes and sleep!

Sleep, while ogres capture boys and fatten them to eat!

Sleep, while Bluebeard kills his wife and hangs her up like meat!

Giant's crying, "Fe-fo-fum," so shut your eyes, my sweet!

Sleep, sleep, sle-e-e-e-p!

(Baby passes a fine night)

* * *

HISTORY OF ANY PRICE REFORM

(Feelingly Dedicated to the Ultimate Consumer)

Profits as high as — per cent. being common in the — industry, public opinion forces an investigation.

A legislative committee is appointed to investigate the — industry. Counsel is engaged and hearings are held.

The investigation brings out the fact that gross profiteering prevails, flagrant violations of the — laws.

Indictments of the responsible heads by a Grand Jury follow the sensational findings of the investigating committee. Public is congratulated by the newspapers.

Responsible heads are tried by a jury and found guilty of — and —. Public is further congratulated.

Up for sentence before Judge —, responsible heads are fined — hundred dollars apiece.

The public pays a little more for — than it did before.

* * *

IT'S surprising how little you can teach some people. Builders, for example, or folks with houses for sale. In spite of all that has been printed about extortionate charges and profiteering landlords, it is still considered good inducement to advertise: "Balance may be paid the same as rent." Stars above, the same as rent!

Ouch!



"Baby passes a fine night."

Wanted: Soldiers of the Ether—(Concluded from page 115)

aged youths with wireless outfits not only to write to the Navy, but also to talk by wireless to the Navy.

The boy who wrote or "wired" to the Navy in the New York district, for instance, got a fine letter from the Navy Department. "Naval Communication officials appreciate the importance of encouraging amateur radio activities in every way," ran the letter. "This Bureau is maintained for the purpose of registering the amateurs of the Third Naval District (New York), but the privilege of registering is extended to amateur wireless operators throughout the United States. Up to the present time approximately 3,000 amateurs have registered with the Bureau."

And then, on top of this, the Navy held out a bait.

"A special message in the amateur code is 'broadcasted' at 9:30 p.m. daily on 1,500-meter wave-length. Valuable information is issued frequently," the letter continues. You bet it is valuable information! It consists of baseball scores; it tells what Babe Ruth did on that particular day. It carries hot news, and the man who makes up that budget of news takes care to see that it is all news for boys. The Navy has won the boys of the Atlantic Coast and of the Great Lakes region.

AND now comes the Army.

Major Kendall Banning, who was in the Signal Corps during the war, and Major William Mackay, who had charge of the painting of camouflage on ships, recently started a campaign in Army circles for capturing the attention of wireless amateurs. These former officers called to the attention of the Army Signal Corps the fact that the Navy was winning the loyalty of the wireless amateurs of America; so the majors thought the Army ought to get its hand in.

Wherefore, this last spring the Signal Corps of the Army began its flirtation with the wireless amateurs. There are nine Army "areas" in the United States,

and the officer in charge of every area was instructed, through urgent orders, to get in touch with the wireless amateurs of his region, and to tell them that the United States Army desired to form a reserve corps of amateur wireless operators. Membership in the corps was to be based upon expertness of sending and receiving, and the Army would establish a wireless station in the area for communication with all amateurs.

And today this is being done. The amateurs have all heard the good news. They have chatted about it through the air night after night for weeks. They are presenting their applications; and in several districts where Army wireless stations already communicate with amateurs the latter have requested the station to test their abilities.

On the Pacific Coast the Army wireless stations are especially friendly with amateurs. Almost nightly some fresh news goes out into the air about the latest plans for the Radio Reserve. There is little doubt that the Reserve list will be filled shortly with the crack wireless operators of the Coast.

In the New York area the general in charge of Signal Corps affairs called a meeting of the officers of the various amateur Radio clubs and outlined his plans. It was necessary for him to deal with the club officials only; otherwise he would have had to engage a large hall for the conference, since it is estimated that 15,000 boys around New York City are devotees of the radiograph. This meeting wound up with a promise on the part of the general that, in the autumn at a camp near New York City he would give Signal Corps instruction to about 150 or 200 wireless amateurs. The amateurs are to pay their own expenses, but they are to live a military life and be under military control, and are to learn generally how to conduct themselves as good reservists.

The result is that when an office boy in New York nowadays tells his boss that he doesn't want to take his two weeks' vacation until late in the fall, the boss

may be pretty sure that he has on his staff one of the boys who have been captured by the marvels of wireless telegraphy. And by that same token the boss may be sure that he has a good, sane, sound, upstanding, forward-looking boy.

AND so here is our once-despised amateur wireless operator—the American boy who couldn't stay out of the ether—prized, at last, by the mighty! He now carries a license granted by the Department of Commerce, because that Department realized that the amateur of today may be the commercial wireless operator on an American ship tomorrow. He is listed with an official call and registration card by the United States Navy, because the Navy believes it may need him some day. And now the United States Army has become his big brother, and talks and gossips with him whenever he pleases, and keeps a place open in its august ranks for him.

Meanwhile the amateur goes on chattering and gossiping, listening and talking every night in every corner of the United States. Happy fellow! His honors come to him through his play.

If any father or mother asks me to name a game or a hobby for a son, I say, without any hesitation, "Wireless!" It is the most fascinating, the cleanest, and the most imaginative game I know. When a mother who has interested her son in wireless rocks away at her knitting in the evenings of this coming winter, she may hum to herself with a good heart, "Where Is my Wandering Boy Tonight?" The chances are he will be upstairs in his own room; wandering by wireless with the ships at sea; or ambling and chatting radiographically over his whole hundred-mile neighborhood; "sassing" this friend, laughing at that one, talking over school lessons with another; or silently, with bent head, listening to the mighty towers of Arlington, Paris, Nauen or Moscow, as they whisper around the earth the news that has made up the history of another day.

The Soul of the Apple—(Concluded from page 121)

By this it seemed that he had been sitting with her like this all his life, and, as they talked on, talked, as lovers do, of the days soon to come when they should be together always, never to part any more, a tiny apple, with a fragment of blossom on it, fell down from the tree above them, on to Meriel's knees.

She took it up with girlish pleasure.

"It's a wild apple," she cried, "the only one in the orchard. We must share it together. You must imagine I am Eve. See! I'll take the first bite. Now it's your turn."

Miles Britton took the tiny apple from her hand. It was of a curious copper color, and oddly aromatic in taste.

"They are funny little apples, aren't they?" she said. "I bit into one, this morning—but it didn't taste as sweet as this one, darling."

"Then," she added, "all the orchard will be ours soon—won't it? and we'll eat every one ourselves, eh? Grand-

father sold all last year's crop to an old Italian dealer in the city, who comes around every Fall."

Then she was silent awhile, and presently looked up at him, with a quizzical solemnity.

"Do you love me, Adam?" she asked, and her deep eyes seemed to be drawing him into her very soul.

"Forever," he answered, and opened his arms to fold her passionately to his heart.

Her eyes closed, and her red lips sought his, in happy abandonment . . . but as they met in a wild oblivious kiss, there went a great clanging sound through the orchard, and a sudden darkness seemed to swallow them up—and—Miles Britton lifted his head from his desk, where it had been lying for a drowsy minute or two.

The telephone was madly ringing—and his eye fell on the strange little apple, half-eaten, at his elbow.

With a sigh he took up the receiver. It was Jacobs at last, and his news was even better than he had hoped for. But, when the conversation was over, he sat a long time listlessly looking before him. Jacobs' news had lost its savor.

"So it was only a dream," he said to himself. "What else could it be?"

And just then, the door opened. He didn't look up. The marcelled Miss Perkins and her complexion had returned. That was all.

Then he heard a voice, a strangely sweet and silvery voice.

"Miles!" it said.

He raised his head, with something like fear.

"Great God! It isn't Meriel?" he cried. "Just Meriel!" she said. "Come back—never to go away any more."

And then the kiss that had been interrupted in the orchard was completed in that dingy, diminutive office, in the neighborhood of "Wall."

MOTOR DEPARTMENT

Conducted by H. W. SLAUSON, M. E.

Readers desiring information about motor cars, trucks, accessories or touring routes, can obtain it by writing to the Motor Department, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City. We are very glad to answer inquiries free of charge.

CAN WE MAKE NIGHT DRIVING SAFE?

PRACTICAL-
LY every
state has
passed laws regulat-
ing the use of auto-
mobile headlights.
These laws are al-
most as varied as
are the license fees,
but their intention
is to eliminate or re-
duce the danger at-
tendant upon night
driving due to the
blinding glare from
the headlamps of
approaching cars.
Such laws may limit
the intensity of
bulbs used in the
headlights; they
may require that
the rays be deflected
downward by means
of special lenses or
lamp adjustment,
so that the glare will
not reach a point
more than forty-two
inches above the
level of the road-
way; they may bar
the diffusing type of
lenses; and they
may prohibit the
use of movable spot-
lights.

However, no sin-
gle State in the Union enforces a law which
makes driving at night as safe as should
be the case. In reality, driving after
dark should represent one of the safest
forms of automobile operation, for the
bright rays thrown by the headlights il-
luminates every road inequality and even
magnify it so that the owner will drive
with greater care. Furthermore, the
bright bar of light thrown ahead of the
car serves to announce its approach
around a blind turn or concealed corner,
far in advance of the time that its arrival
could be noted in daylight.

But what becomes a factor of safety for
the driver at night is transformed into a
menace when he approaches a car coming
in the other direction. Then the glare
of the lights intended for the roadway
shines directly into the eyes of the oncom-
ing driver, with the result that he is
blinded and cannot easily discern the side
of the road nor the amount of clearance
between him and the other vehicle.

The tendency among drivers is to em-
ploy electric bulbs of a high candle-power
which are intensified by strong reflectors
until the roadway will be illuminated for
hundreds of feet in advance of the car.
But even though these rays may be
directed downward by the use of special
lenses, inequalities in the road will con-



© KEYSTONE

The first French automobile—a "Panhard Levassor," built in 1891—creates a stir in Paris when its owner, L'Abbe Garois, drives it down the Champs Elysees

tinually throw the lights upward, for a rise
of only an inch or so at the front wheels
becomes one of several feet at a point well
in advance of the car. Furthermore,
such a downward direction of the rays is
of no avail if the roadway is to be illumi-

nated for the proper
distance ahead of the
car and the vehicle
is climbing a small
grade as another car
approaches from the
other direction. The
momentary blind-
ness caused by the
instant during which
the glare from the
ascending car may
strike the eyes of the
driver of the other
car has often been
the cause of a seri-
ous accident.

Nor have the
manufacturers of
the diffusing type of
lenses solved the
problem. These
headlights do serve
to scatter the light
over such a large
area that it may be
said more nearly to
approach daylight
than does the con-
centrated beam of
the other type of
lense; however, in
order to illuminate
the road a sufficient
distance in advance
of the car with
enough intensity to
define road obstruc-

tions to permit of high-speed driving,
the average motorist will install large
candle-power bulbs, with the result that
the diffused rays are made of such inten-
sity that plain lenses with bulbs of mod-
erate candle-power might as well be used.
Courtesy, and also some laws, demands
that the lights be dimmed when cars ap-
proach each other. But so long as our
roads are filled with irresponsible motor-
ists who will take a concealed turn on the
wrong side of the road, who will not keep
to their side when passing other vehicles,
and who drive with a total disregard of
the rights of others, we must accept the
driver who will not dim his lights as a
necessary evil of the road.
But possibly this driver is justified in
thus insuring a bright path of light by
which to drive. If he dims he cannot see
the side of the road in order to avoid a
ditch. Furthermore, pedestrians who
use the roadway are not as yet required
to carry lights and consequently safety
demands that the approaching cars
furnish the necessary means for illumi-
nation of such an obstruction. Many a
stroller on a country road has been struck
by an oncoming car, the lights of which
had been dimmed in order to pass one
approaching in the other direction. Thus,

(Concluded on page 139)

DO YOU KNOW:

1. Why are cars built for export provided with right-hand drive?
2. How badly does it injure the battery to "reverse" its charge?

Answers to these questions will be found in the next issue of the Motor Department.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOUND IN THE LAST ISSUE OF THE MOTOR DEPARTMENT

1. What is the Alemite system of car greasing?
This consists of a grease passage at each point to be lubricated. The end of this passage is covered by a spring-retained ball-valve and what is known as a "bayonet" connection similar to that by means of which electric bulbs are held in place in their sockets in the headlamps of a car. The grease is forced into the grease channel by means of a powerful grease gun and a flexible steel tubing which clamps on to the above described bayonet connection. This gives a positive method of forcing grease into the parts by means of pressure applied from the outside through the grease gun.
2. Why does cold air come from the valve of a hot tire?
The air in a tire is compressed. When the air is let out it expands and in so doing gives off its heat. Inasmuch as heat passes from the air it becomes cold during the process of expansion and will, therefore, be several degrees colder than the outside air. The greater the pressure in the tire, the cooler will be the air as it is released from the valve.

The Richest Women in the World—(Concluded from page 123)

way. Take the case of Mrs. Kate Barker.

Mrs. Barker is a full-blooded Osage lady who draws four and two-thirds "shares," as they are called, in Indian land. These four and a fraction shares totaled her last year \$46,836.69. But this was not all. Mrs. Barker did not have to pinch along on merely that. In addition she received \$937.50 lease money and another \$265 miscellaneous funds. But this was not all—not for Mrs. Barker. Mrs. Barker has a husband, Sam. Sam is not exactly on the town, for of his own right he drew \$9,900, thus running up the family budget to \$57,939.19. Outside of that the family had to shift for itself.

Mrs. Wrenn is not so fortunate. She practically has to look the wolf in the eyes, for she has a small family and gets only twenty or thirty thousand dollars a year.

There are now 2154 Osage Indians and the number is increasing—they don't have to think about another mouth to feed. And thus the black flood pours down on them, day in and day out, year by year, in a constantly increasing volume. How do they spend it? Are they happy? Do they get much for their money?

Ah, that is another question! That is the other side of the picture, for all is not as it would seem on the surface. The river runs deep with many unsightly snags in the slime of the bottom.

Their native girls are a constant prey to the superior white man. He comes

creeping in as a chauffeur or as a clerk around town, with merry speech and winning ways. The Indian girls are flattered by the attention of the wondrous white man and they elope with him. They are gone a short time and then the girl comes back, her money gone, diseased and shamed, with an unwanted baby. After she has once married a white, she is no longer attractive to the young men of her own race. She is left alone, abandoned, silently rocking her baby on the kitchen porch.

The older ones—what can they do with their money? In a little squalid village outside Pawhuska they live, weedy, dusty, with oil wells backing up almost to their front yards, the black overflowing "crude" running over the land and blighting vegetation for years to come. Two prices they pay for everything. Their three-thousand-dollar car costs six. Their garage bills would make any other person stagger. But even with their cars, where can they go? Out on the roads rutted from hauling oil, through the suffocating dust, to come back to a sizzling corrugated iron garage.

They are not wanted in the hotels; it drives away trade. They can get on the train and go to Kansas City or Fort Worth, but they are only objects of curiosity to be followed on the streets. White chauffeurs they have, not such as we know in the cities, but slouching, sullen individuals who treat their employers with open disrespect, only brightening up when they have a chance to meet a pretty and unattached Indian girl.

Their pleasure they must take in the little hot, baking town of Pawhuska. There is no place to go, no place that wants them, no place where they feel at home. They go out for a spin with their white chauffeur along the rutted roads; the car breaks down and it is towed to the garage. The garage works over it for a while and sends in such a bill as its conscience will allow.

They go to the movies; now and then to a baseball game, and downtown in the cool of the afternoon. Then once in a while to Tulsa where, too, they are waiting for them. They have diamonds, but there is nobody to admire them; only those who laugh. It is not a pleasant life. Sometimes as you move among them, even with the golden stream that ceaselessly pours down on them, you can believe them happier in the old prairie days when they could go and come as they wished, with never a guardian dogging their steps, or a payroll to sign.

Thus they live and have their being, the richest women in the world, a comfortable house to sleep in but choosing a tent in the yard, and eating their meals under a tree, all from a common bowl. Not many are there, as they watch Mrs. Wrenn going about her daily life, the constant object of peering tourist curiosity, who would be willing to exchange with her. They have the money but little else—and there is so much in the world besides money. Never does one realize it more than when one sees Mrs. Wrenn moving about, preparing her noontide meal, in savage fashion, in her brown bare feet.

Dempsey the Champion, but Carpentier the Hero—(Concluded from page 118)

took smelling-salts. But with the third the steady and terrific attack on Carpentier began again. We could hear the gloves strike. Carpentier winced and kept coming in. He had been advised to make a running fight of it, but he was still taking the gambler's chance to lose or win all. Once or twice he threw himself into the air putting all his body into tremendous blows against the champion, but they curled harmlessly around Dempsey's neck.

Then came the fourth round and as Carpentier advanced to the attack Dempsey caught him fairly with a right-hand swing to the jaw. It was a short blow but it lacked nothing in power. Carpentier went down. Here, according to all the traditions of the prize ring, the crowd should have shouted for the aggressor. There should have been loud cries for Dempsey to finish him off. Instead, there was first a second of silence and then something like a great sob. Carpentier was straining to get up and it tugged at the heartstrings of the ninety thousand. Their wills were one with his and with a terrific effort he rolled over on his stomach and leaped up.

Dempsey had turned his back after delivering the blow and walked all the way across the ring, but he was back again and intent upon making good his advantage. He hit Carpentier over the heart, and then with a right to the jaw as he started to fall.

The flaming will of the Frenchman was not yet quenched. He moved, but for the moment the co-ordination of his body was impaired. His brain said, "Get up," but there was mutiny in his legs and shoulders. At the count of seven his head sank back upon the canvas. The fight was over, though the referee had to raise and lower his hand three times more. Descamps leaped into the ring immediately at ten, but Dempsey was before him and picked up Carpentier and helped to carry him to his corner. The Frenchman was not unconscious, and in a minute or two he came back to the center of the ring smiling. Dempsey came forward and the men shook hands. In leaving the ring, the champion paused a moment and said, "He's a good, game boy."

Carpentier declared after the fight that he had gone against a man too good for him and that was all there was to it. It is true that X-ray pictures showed that Carpentier broke his right hand, or rather pushed a small bone out of place, when he struck Dempsey so hard in the second round, but that can hardly be set forth as an excuse. Indeed, neither Carpentier nor his manager has made any attempt to do so.

After all, the challenger had struck the hardest blow he knew how. It staggered Dempsey, but it did not bring him down, and it broke the hand. In other words, Dempsey's jaw was stronger than Car-

pentier's fist, and in such circumstances it was inevitable that the champion should win.

All in all, it was the most satisfactory big sporting event I have ever seen. To my mind the ethics and manners of the whole affair were on a higher plane even than amateur sports of one kind or another. There was less acrimonious partisanship than at any big college football game. Effort was applauded, but there were no cheers for the errors of either man. There was no hint of foul play.

Among the ninety thousand were people of all sorts. Probably ten thousand women saw the fight, and their reactions were not noticeably dissimilar to those of the men. Carpentier got a nose-bleed in the first round, but there was no justification for calling the fight brutal or bloody. The Frenchman was hit hard and was knocked out, but he was not as used up as an oarsman at the end of a four-mile race, or a two-mile runner. The day after the fight his trainer reported Carpentier was as well as ever and that there was not a mark upon him except a slight cut under one eye. It will be unfortunate if boxing is ever stopped universally in America. It is the most elemental and dramatic of all our sports. And for that very reason it carries with it the greatest thrill of all. If there were only Carpentiers enough to go round we might recognize that boxing at its highest estate is not a sport at all, but one of the fine arts.

Farmers Adopt Collective Bargaining—(Continued from page 131)

with minimum labor, fertilizer and cultivation costs. Crop prospects are good, and the fact that there has been a decrease in acreage of several principal crops, especially in the South where cotton acreages have been greatly reduced, makes the chance of profitable per acre returns much better.

With the moving of the crops to market, money will be available for paying off mortgages, notes, and store debts. In some cases there will be small surpluses left which the farm family will spend for badly needed farm equipment, household supplies, and perhaps a few luxuries. This undoubtedly will loosen up frozen bank credits everywhere, the country merchants' shelves will be cleaned out at least to a certain extent, and the banker, jobber and manufacturer will benefit accordingly. It is the most encouraging thing on the business horizon today, that farmers will soon be in the market again. If some miracle, and it will take nothing short of a miracle, could improve our export business in the same proportion, a general revival of business this fall might be expected. But this is hardly likely.

IN the above I have given the most optimistic view. It is improbable that many farmers will make interest on their investment this year, to say nothing of wages for themselves and their families. Few will make more than a good living, and those who are in debt for their farms will do well to pay carrying charges. It is the exceptional farm that pays more than five per cent. on investment even in normal times. As a good Ohio farmer told me not long ago:

"We don't expect to make any money this year. The best that we can hope to do is to keep from going into the hole."

He is a man who figures costs carefully, and is therefore in a position to know.

"In the nineties we didn't make much money farming," he continued, "but what we made counted. A dollar would go a long ways then; now a bushel of wheat or corn won't begin to buy what they would in former panic years."

One of our wisest agricultural sages, Eugene Davenport, Dean of the Illinois College of Agriculture, recently wrote in *Farm and Fireside*:

"Clearly, no sane man would borrow money now with which to buy a farm, or even to stock it with buildings or equipment, facing the uncertainty as to what the next decade will develop. . . . Nevertheless, the man who owns a farm, and the farmer out of debt, can, upon the whole, weather the readjustment more safely and with less discomfort than can most of his competitors in business."

It is because farmers generally recognize this uncertainty, because they like farming and want to continue in it, because they feel that they are not getting as much of the consumer's dollar as they are entitled to, that they are getting behind the greatest co-operative movement in the history of the world.

Co-operation, as they see it, does not

mean any socialistic dream—far from that; it does not mean that they expect profits to be legislated to them; nor do they plan to fleece the consumer by unjust price fixing. Rather, they are taking a lesson from our large corporations and the

kind of co-operation necessitating effective groups, and proper co-operation and co-ordination are needed between them."

Large interests which will be severely hurt if the farmers' plans succeed have used every method of attack known, from ridicule to actual business discrimination and boycotting.

"You farmers make us laugh," they say. "Your business is to raise crops, ours is to handle them. Why tear down existing machinery and substitute something which would be no better even if it succeeded at all. Go back to your producing and leave our part of the business alone."

But the farmers have heard this story so long that they lend deaf ears. They point instead to figures recently issued by the Federal Trade Commission which give the results of an investigation of the grain business. This report shows that co-operative grain elevators have paid higher returns than have privately owned ones. The farmer-owned elevators paid back in patronage dividends 31.78 per cent. in 1915-1916; 38.97 per cent. in 1916-1917; 26.32 per cent. in 1919-1920. The lowest return in each period was by the line elevators—11.66 per cent.; 15.82 per cent., and 12.86 per cent. respectively. Independent

elevators, and co-operatives not paying patronage dividends, occupied positions between the two extremes. No business principle was violated by the co-operatives; they simply operated more efficiently and returned the profits to their grower patrons.

The stronghold of the co-operative movement is, of course, in the great agricultural States of the Middle West. The Farm Bureau numbers over 100,000 members each in Iowa, Illinois, Ohio and Texas. In most States a membership costs \$10, so there are ample funds to work with. Other sections of the country—the South, the Far West, and even conservative New England—are enthusiastically joining in. Every county in Delaware, not primarily an agricultural State, is organized.

THE main lines of activity thus taken up by the farmers through the A. F. B. F. are:

1. The U. S. Grain Growers, Inc., a national grain-marketing association, which was conceived by the committee of 17 appointed in October 1920 by J. R. Howard, President of the A. F. B. F.

2. The Farmers' Finance Corporation, a subsidiary of the U. S. Grain Growers with an authorized capitalization of \$100,000,000.

3. A committee of 15 has recommended producer-owned livestock commission companies. This plan is now being worked out.

4. A committee of 21 is working out a national fruit-marketing plan.

5. A committee of 11 is developing a national dairy-marketing plan.

6. A committee of 10 is working out a national vegetable-marketing system.

(Concluded on Page 142)

Bob, Rob and the Job

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE

TWO friends have I and one is poor,
Unkempt, unsteady and unsure.

I speak of him as "Poor old Bob!"

Pursued by some malignant fate,

His is a sad, unhappy state;

He is a man without a job.

(*'Tis not a lot to be desired*

To be continuously fired.)

TWO friends have I and one is rich,

For money sticks to him like pitch.

I speak of him as "Poor old Rob!"

I thrill with pity through and through,

For he has not one thing to do;

He is a man without a job.

(*A man who calls himself "Retired"*

Is much the same as one who's fired.)

labor unions; they are organizing on a large scale for the purpose of collective bargaining. Believing that they themselves can handle their products more efficiently than is now being done by middlemen, they intend to take some of the middleman's profit and return it in the form of patronage dividends to the producer. It will mean a fight, but it will be a clean fight, so far as the farmers are concerned, and on a purely competitive basis. They are willing to let the best man win.

THE foster-parent for most of the large farmers' co-operative associations is the American Farm Bureau Federation, which calls itself "The Farmers' National Service Organization." It had its birth less than two years ago when farm bureaus of the different States got together in order to have greater co-ordination of effort. Its strength lies in its strictly farm membership, which now numbers 1,050,000 (paid up), and its strong local organization, the basic unit being the county. Every strong agricultural State is now represented. Its leaders, while required to be bona fide farmers, are men of executive experience and wide vision. For specialized work only experts are employed, and salaries that are adequate to attract competent men are paid.

Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, has this to say of the A. F. B. F.:

"I wish to express my approval of the excellent work which the A. F. B. F. is doing. It is conservative in its approach and gives confidence to the whole country. During the war we had extreme paternalism. The A. F. B. F. comes from the people itself. Paternalism will destroy the basis of progress and growth, if continued in peace times. This is a

\$375⁷⁵ ONE DAY

Ira Shook, of Flint, Did That Amount of Business in 1 Day

—making and selling Popcorn Crispettes with this machine. He says in letter dated March 1, 1921: "I started out with nothing, now have \$12,000.00 all made from Crispettes." Others have amazing records: Gibbs says: "Sold \$50.00 first night!" Erwin's little boy makes \$35.00 to \$50.00 every Saturday afternoon. Meixner reports \$600.00 business in one day. Kellogg writes: "\$700.00 ahead first two weeks." Master's letter says: "—sold \$40.00 in four hours." During March, 1921, Turner was offered \$700.00 clear profit above cost of his investment to sell. **There is money—lots of money—in Crispettes.** Times make no difference for most of these records were made in 1921—were made while people are crying hard times and are looking for jobs! Location makes no difference. It's common for Crispette machines to make \$10.00 to \$25.00 profit daily in small towns!



I Start You in Business

Write me—get my help. Begin now. Others are making money selling Crispettes. You can, too! You don't need much capital. Experience not necessary. I furnish everything—secret formulas, equipment for shop or store, full directions, raw materials, wrappers, etc. Splendid chances galore everywhere! Crowded streets, amusement parks, concessions, wholesaling and stores!

\$1000⁰⁰ Month Easily Possible

Crispettes are a delicious, delightful confection. People never get enough. Always come for more. Raw materials are plentiful and cheap. You make enormous profits. Trade grows by leaps and bounds. It's an easy, pleasant and fascinating business. Send post card for illustrated book of facts. Contains enthusiastic letters from men and women who have quickly succeeded. Tells how to start. Explains most successful methods. Gives all information needed. It's Free! Write Now! Address H. W. Eakins, Gen. Mgr.

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The price of some cars has come down—that of others has gone up.

Which car will give you 100% value for your needs?

You can have expert advice free of charge. If you want a car and will furnish details of your needs, you can obtain the unbiased service of our Motor Department.

HAROLD W. SLAUSON, M.E.

Leslie's Weekly

225 Fifth Avenue New York City

No One Need Buy Cuticura Before He Tries Free Samples

S soap, Ointment, Talcum, 5c. everywhere. Samples free of Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 7, Malden, Mass.

INVENTORS.

Who desire to secure patents should write for our guide book, "HOW TO GET YOUR PATENT." Send model or sketch and description and we will give our opinion of its patentable nature.

ANDOLPH & CO., 789 "F," Washington, D. C.

Welcome to the Valley of Death—(Continued from page 125)

places, connected with great highways leading north and south and east and west, through Nevada and northern California to Southern California, the Club decided that it was best to sign-post it.

Two years have been consumed in the task. Thirteen hundred signs in all have been used—700 within the Valley and 500 on the roads approaching it. Only during certain parts of the year could a road crew work within the Valley making notes of where the signs should be placed and learning where the water-holes were located.

A special type of sign had to be used. It was learned long ago that wooden signs were used by travelers for fuel, or else they shrivelled up and blew away in the waves of heat. Special paint must be employed, for ordinary paint would blister and scorch in the fierce rays of the Death Valley sun. These signs had to be anchored beneath the surface of the shifting sand to huge redwood blocks which would prevent the scorching winds from blowing the signs away. It was a task of mighty magnitude.

After the notes were made, they were taken to Los Angeles and transcribed on sheets of paper which were in turn sent to the factory where the special signs were made and shipped to points near the Valley, where Club trucks picked them up and began the perilous journey into the valley itself. The journey into the Valley of Death is dangerous at all times of the year, but more so in the summer than at any other, of course. In the winter, however, there is always the chance of a sudden cloudburst sweeping down from the Sierras and washing out what little trails of road are found there, leaving the auto truck high and dry in a salt bed with no means of getting out, or of summoning help for the crew.

So day by day the sign-posting went on, until now a trip from Goldfield or Reno, Nevada to California through the Valley of Sorrows can be made with comparative safety—if you follow the signs. But woe betide the traveler who ignores the signs and tries a short cut!

All water-holes are marked with signs which show the nearest available water from the road, and often a motorist must leave his car and walk for a mile or more to the nearest water-hole indicated in order to replenish his radiator. It is not probable that Death Valley will ever become a resort of abounding popularity, but there are people throughout America, who, unable to resist the lure of the mysterious, will annually make a pilgrimage to the sleeping monster just to see for themselves what it was that lured thousands of hardy prospectors to their death in this fastness of the desert.

Whether or not great wealth lies concealed in the borax and saline cliffs which frown down upon the floor of the oven hundreds of feet below is still a secret which may be revealed now because of the sign-posting work just completed. In the days before motor-driven vehicles, footsore prospectors were able to penetrate only a short way into the Valley because of the terrible trials through which they must pass. Now, however, one may tour almost its entire length in a day, if the signs are carefully followed.

In many places the floor of the Valley is as rough and as uneven as the surface of the moon as it appears through one of those street telescopes through which you squint for a dime. This is due to the chemical action of the salt and borax which expand and twist in their heat agonies during the summer. It is as sharp and as jagged as broken glass, and is plainly discernible in the photographs.

The cliffs at the sides are accessible only by foot, as no roads lead to their heights. From a distance, the valley looks like a gulf which had suddenly dried up. Its head is up at the old deserted Furnace Creek Ranch, which was the headquarters of "Borax" Smith in the days when the patient twenty-mule teams plodded their way in and out of the hot furnace to make their master rich. Here Smith established his stronghold and defended himself and his mules from the raids of hostile Indians who attempted to plunder his corrals.

Now the ranch is deserted, and strange as it may seem, is in the hands of descendants of the self-same "Injuns" who once attempted to plunge their arrows and knives into the hearts of Smith and his faithful muleteers. A few dogs barked at us as we drove up, our radiator whistling pathetically for water. From the Furnace Creek Ranch the Valley of Death stretches away southward under a shimmer of hazy heat even in June, surrounded menacingly by its barren, brown cliffs which sparkle here and there with the salt which dried upon their brows. Not another habitation graces the Valley.

And the Valley itself is sunk in the midst of the desert. It is a desert within a desert. The roads on the desert surrounding the Valley were also posted by the Automobile Club of Southern California in order to protect travelers who are passing from one Western State to another and choose this forsaken way. Brooding in the desert, and almost on the lip of Death Valley itself is the little town of Shoshone, beloved by all who have ever trod the desert. It sleeps beneath a little grove of cotton-woods, and lures the weary traveler into its welcome shade from afar. Many of the club signs carry the welcome news which heralds the approach to Shoshone with its dwindling population and its nodding cotton-woods.

It is suggested that motorists planning to cross Death Valley on their way westward to the Pacific slope, always travel in pairs or in groups. Then, if one car breaks down, the other can go at once for help before the Valley closes in and swallows the travelers. Despite the march of progress, the old methods of the early pioneers with their canvas-covered wagons must be followed for safety's sake.

Gasoline has superseded the burro, the pack mule and the horse-drawn vehicle of other days, but even the motor car is not infallible. Mayhap, amid the dancing, shimmering heat waves there hovers a ghostly caravan of those who have forfeited their lives in this dread place and if so, their counsel would be:

"Take no chances. Take every precaution. Beware, lest this Valley of Death claim you, too!"

Motor Department

(Concluded from page 135)

each driver of two approaching cars is confronted with a serious dilemma—whether courtesy and consideration for the safety of the approaching motorist demand that he dim his lights, or whether the possible danger to a chance pedestrian together with the remembrance of the injustices meted out to motorists in civil damage suits, should not direct him to keep all the roadway well illuminated.

The question is a serious one and has not yet been solved by engineering ingenuity or by statutory regulation. The definition of "glare" is one of personal opinion and one which the courts have failed to decide. By the use of several devices, however, it is possible to reduce the danger of night driving. Amber-colored shields can be attached to the windshield and through them the blinding rays may be reduced and absorbed.

But the laws of some States are contrary to the best arrangement, which consists in the use of a bright spotlight placed well up on the windshield frame and so directed that its rays are scattered on the right-hand side of the road slightly in advance of the car. This spotlight can be so arranged as to be turned on when the bright headlights are dimmed, with the result that a ray of light will be thrown well in advance of the car and at the side of the roadway. If every car were so equipped, the bright lights could be dimmed with no risk to drivers, occupants or chance highway pedestrians. Some States, however, because of the opportunity afforded to the owner of the spotlight to direct the light in the eyes of the approaching driver, have ruled out their use on any vehicles registering within the States in question. But a fixed spotlight which could be so adjusted as to throw its rays at the proper point of the road, and which could not be moved in any other direction, could easily be made to overcome objections of legislators.

One of the most recent cars to make its appearance on the market possesses two interesting solutions of the night-driving problem. One of these is what is known as the "courtesy light," which consists of a well-shielded light placed on the left-hand side of the car and which, when turned on, illuminates the running board and the side of the car. The rays are thrown backward and downward rather than forward so that they do not shine into the eyes of the oncoming motorist, and yet serve to define to him the outward limits of the car which he is approaching and the portion of the roadway over which he will travel. Under such conditions the oncoming motorist could easily pass the car provided with a courtesy light with no lights of his own whatsoever. The same car is also provided with a powerful searchlight in combination with the red rear signal. This powerful searchlight will automatically illuminate as soon as the shift lever is thrown into reverse. This lights up a path over which the driver may back his car as safely as in daylight.

But one manufacturer of these devices is not enough. Some method must be found which will universally reduce the danger of night driving and which will help to unify the requirements of the various states, municipalities and townships.

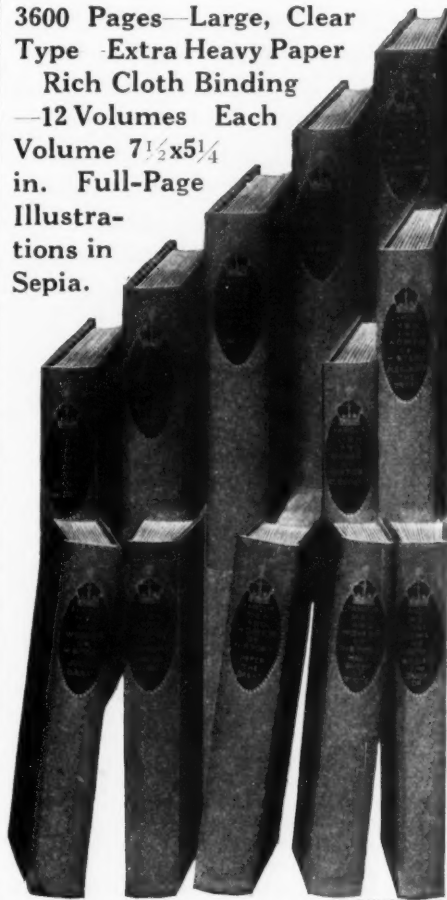
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THE introduction of a new protective tariff bill in the House was one of the inevitable incidents under a Republican Administration. But it occurred sooner than was expected. Many sagacious financiers had hoped that the more urgent matter of revision of taxes would have been given prior consideration by our lawmakers. The party's traditions, however, still have a strong hold on its leaders, and they have been uneasy over the existing low rates on dutiable commodities and over the length of the free list. So the tariff was given the right of way, though tax revision, it is promised, will be a close second.

The initial shape of the bill may not be its ultimate one, and should not be, if, as its opponents allege, it aims to enact the highest-rate tariff in our history. Public sentiment is not likely to favor going to extremes in this respect. The bill's average rate, its sponsors admit, is 18 per cent, to 20 per cent, as against 18.55 per cent, in the Payne-Aldrich act, while the average in the present Underwood law is only 6 per cent. In each of these estimates, the free list is included. But the opposition assert that if the average rate were based on dutiable articles alone it would be 50 per cent, to 60 per cent., while the average of the Payne-Aldrich bill on taxed articles was only 40 per cent. Undoubtedly, it is the average rate on dutiable articles which will in public estimation characterize the bill. To conservative protectionists no less than to free-traders, this average appears too high. It is to be hoped that the schedules when finally adopted will be suitably modified, and so attuned to present world conditions as not to be injurious to our interests by checking commerce with other countries.

In the preparation of a tariff bill at this time unprecedented circumstances have to be held in view. The United States is now the greatest creditor nation of the world. Foreign governments owe our government nearly ten billion dollars, loaned to them in the stress of the war. The borrowers are unable to repay the principal, or even to meet the interest on this vast indebtedness, for their resources were exhausted in the most costly and wasteful of international conflicts. They can hope to obtain money to cancel this debt only as they are able to expand production and sell their products to advantage. This country has been one of their most important markets, and it seems essential that it shall be so in the future. Tariff imposts on their goods imported

into the United States should, therefore, not be excessive. They ought not wholly to inhibit importation, though they might justly levy a virtual equalizing tax, and safeguard against mere dumping, and thus make some needed addition to our revenues. Whatever its figures may be, the new tariff should, in fact, be chiefly a revenue one. That it may be, with a considerable yield, without killing or seriously restricting trade and without detriment to our well-established industries. Our giant enterprises hardly need any great amount of fostering; some weaker ones might be specially favored, if necessary.

The restoration of plentiful trade between this and other nations is extremely desirable. Our own prosperity is profoundly implicated in that. It would be a misfortune for all concerned if the new tariff should act as a deterrent to mutually beneficial exchanges of commodities. No jug-handled commercial scheme can long endure. If we want to sell, we must also buy, and if we wish to have our Allied debtors wipe out their dues to us, we must take at least some portion of their offerings of merchandise. A middle-of-the-road tariff policy will eventually profit us more than a radical one.

If our statesmen are economically wise they will make the new tariff as reasonable, moderate, and fair as possible. The greed of selfish interests should not be allowed to dominate it. A properly constructed tariff would not be without its benefits: one which is crude, unscientific, and unreasonable would be a source of mischief and damage to ourselves, as well as to our potential customers across the seas.

As the influence of the proposed tariff on the business conditions of the country will be reflected in the securities market, the process of framing it should be watched with keenest interest by all investors and speculators.

Answers to Inquiries

K. Washington, D. C. View-Arrow pfd., on which dividends were lately suspended, is a fair speculation, looking just now like a long pull. The company is not prospering greatly at present, but should some day better its position. It all depends on the revival of the automobile industry.

D. Arlington, Neb. I do not consider Bethlehem Steel at present price "safe enough to convert Liberty Bonds into it." Such a transaction might result to your advantage in the end, but you cannot be sure of it. During the troublous time that may be ahead, Liberty Bonds are good things to hang on to.

H. Birmingham, Ala. The Figgly Wiggle Stores, owing to heavy inventory losses, showed a deficit of over \$700,000 in 1920. Recent earnings are reported good, but dividend resumption is not expected this year. The company has got along pretty well considering that it is

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T., Richmond, Va.: Among public utility \$100 bonds which may now be purchased at attractive prices are American Tel. & Tel. coll. tr. 5's, conv. 6's, cv. 4½'s and 6 per cent. notes; Brooklyn Edison gen. 5's, Commercial Cable 1st 4's, Detroit Edison 1st and ref. 5's, Hudson & Manhattan ref. 5's, Mississippi River Power 5's, and deb. 7's, N. Y. Telephone deb. 6's, and Portland Railway, Light & Power ref. 5's.

M., Cincinnati, O.: The Paragon Refining Company suffered a deficit in 1919 and it lately had to make a new note issue. These were adverse influences, but the company made a good profit in 1920. It seems better to hold the common stock, in spite of the passing of the dividend, than to throw it on the market at a serious loss. All the oil stocks have been subject recently to bearish attacks and all have sagged in price. There should be some recovery before long.

C., Omaha, Neb.: It looks like a fair business man's investment to put \$500 in the Paris-Orleans Railroad Co. 6 per cent bonds at the price of \$70 per 1,000-franc bond. The bonds are guaranteed, principal and interest, by the French Government. They are redeemable at par by drawings. Coupons of drawn bonds may be held for five years and the principal of drawn bonds for thirty years. This gives the owner the advantage of a possible advance in the rate of exchange which might bring him substantial profit.

F., Montgomery, Ala.: While perhaps not entitled to be called "gilt-edged," International Mercantile Marine Co. bonds are high grade and an excellent business man's investment. The company is paying 6 per cent. on its preferred stock and if the ocean-carrying trade should improve, as it probably will some day, the company will be in a strong financial position. The Brazilian Government's credit is high and I think well of its 8 per cent. bonds. They are undoubtedly safe. In view of their higher yield, I would, everything considered, prefer the Brazilian bonds to Mercantile Marine bonds.

H., El Paso, Texas: The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. has been reorganized. The plan provided for the exchange of new common stock of no par value, share for share, for old stock, par value \$100. Each holder of common stock was entitled to subscribe for 8 per cent. debentures at 99 to the amount of \$45 for each share of stock. These bonds would have to be paid for in cash. The right to subscribe for the bonds has expired. I do not advise purchase of additional common shares, even at present low value. Dividends are undoubtedly remote. It would be more advisable to purchase some dividend-paying issue.

B., Corona, Calif.: The U. S. Rubber Co. has been a dividend payer for many years, though it has sometimes had to reduce or omit dividends. The preferred has paid 8 per cent. since 1906, the common 8 per cent. since Oct., 1919. Rumors have been current that the common dividend cannot be kept at its present rate. The preferred is the safer issue. You can secure for your \$10,000 diversified investments that are reasonably safe in the following issues: Beth Steel 8 per cent. pfd., Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Atchison, U. S. Steel pfd., American Locomotive pfd., American Car & Foundry pfd., American Woolen pfd., Kansas City Southern pfd., S. O. of N. J. pfd., Western Union, and Westinghouse. At present these stocks appear to be immune from the epidemic of dividend passing or cutting. They may sell lower, but they belong to the class of issues on which one can pin faith even in these uncertain times.

New York, July 16, 1921.

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S. H. Wilcox & Co., 233 Broadway, N. Y., will send on request their circular L, describing puts and calls guaranteed by members of the N. Y. Stock Exchange.

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Investors who will study the prices of previous years as far back say, as 1907, will realize how remarkably low are today's quotations for sound and seasoned stocks. Chas. H. Clarkson & Co. 66 Broadway, New York, in order to make such comparison readily possible, have prepared a booklet giving the price range of all leading stocks for a number of years, and will supply it on request for LW-58.

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The movements of Mexican Petroleum recently in the stock market were the sensation of the hour, and were a mystery to investors and speculators. This "Puzzle of Wall Street" is ably discussed in "Investment Survey No. 55," issued by Scott & Stump specialists in odd lots, Stock Exchange Bldg., Philadelphia, and 40 Exchange Place, New York. A copy of this number of "Survey" will be sent to any applicant on request, with the firm's Twenty Payment Booklet S-5.

Investors who may be interested in the development of the Pacific Northwest can obtain full and reliable information regarding the business situation in that section by applying to the Ladd and Tilton Bank of Portland, Ore. The bank has been in operation for more than three-score years and is an authority on the resources and possibilities of the Pacific Northwest. It is also in a position to purchase and offer Pacific Northwest securities of a stable character and suitable for careful investors. For a list of offerings, write to the bank's Bond Dept.

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What Babe Has Done to Baseball

(Concluded from page 129)

not as numerous as in the National, and showed poorer totals. The records of the leaders were: Crawford, Tigers, seven; Baker, Athletics, nine; Speaker, Red Sox, eight; and Lewis, of the same team, seven.

Think of it; in those days they used to call him "Home Run Baker" with a season's total of nine four-sack clouts! Today he'd scarcely be noticed with that record.

With these figures in mind let us note what is going on this year in the land of swat, the beginning of a new baseball era. Babe Ruth is well on the road toward wrecking his home-run record of last year, having made twenty-seven before the end of June, a half month ahead of the date when he made that number of circuit smashes last season. Others who are hitting out homers with consistent regularity and who before July 4 had rolled round had placed to their credit more than the old-timers usually negotiated in a full season included, in the American League, Williams, St. Louis; Dykes, Walker, Perkins and Dugan, Philadelphia; Cobb and Heilman, Detroit; Smith Cleveland; and Musel, New York. In the National League Meusel, Philadelphia, and Williams, Philadelphia, have been helping with their home-runs to keep the fans guessing beyond the seventh inning.

Farmers Adopt Collective Bargaining

(Concluded from page 137)

7. A committee of 25 has been operating the co-operative wool pools, which handled 40,000,000 pounds of the 1920 clip in 10 States at a considerable premium over the price offered by local buyers.

8. The plan of the American Cotton Growers' Exchange, a farmers' organization of the South, for the co-operative marketing of cotton, has been endorsed by the A. F. B. F.

In addition to these projects, which have mainly to do with securing better prices for farm products through central marketing agencies, the different bureaus of the A. F. B. F. have not been idle. Here are some of their achievements:

1. Through the influence of Clifford Thorne, the transportation expert employed by the A. F. B. F., railway valuations for purposes of computing guaranteed earnings, were reduced \$1,700,000 making an average annual saving in freight charges of \$30 to every farmer in the United States.

2. They have secured credit for farmers by inducing the Federal Reserve Board to direct banks to accept warehouse receipts for wool and wheat as collateral on loans, and by influencing the Board to deposit \$30,000,000 in Mid-West banks to finance moving of grain crops.

3. Various projects of direct benefit to farmers have been started, such as research departments for studying pertinent farmers' problems, pushing an extensive legislative program, supplying market, shipping and other information, etc.

While it is not expected that the whole

"No more," remarked Mr. Heydler, "do you see the fans leaving the parks at the end of the seventh inning, if one side or the other has a one or two run lead, satisfied that nothing short of a miracle will turn the fortunes of the game in favor of the outfit with the short end of the score. No sirree! The modern slugging game has altered all this, and today the fans know that no contest is 'over' until the last man is out in the final inning, that a batting rally is liable to start at any time. There have been instances this season when trailing teams have made as many as six or seven runs in the ninth frame, and won out.

Here are just a few instances to show how games are being won in the final inning this season. With the score 4-2 against them, the Braves recently romped over the Dodgers in the ninth, making five runs, one of which was a clean-up homer. In a game between the Red Sox and Yankees, with the score tied at 6-6, a homer by Ruth in the tenth settled the argument beyond all question.

And so the list of smashing final-inning rallies which have won games might be chronicled indefinitely, but the foregoing should clinch the statement that today no battle on the green diamond is "over" until the umpire has waved the last man out.

farmers' program will be put into operation immediately, or that it will work a millennium when it is started, much that is constructive is now under way. The U. S. Grain Growers expect to be in a position to handle much of the 1921 crop, and an extensive membership campaign is meeting with general success. Old-established chains of farmers' elevators are being taken over.

The men in charge have spent the best years of their lives in this work. C. F. Gustafson, president, was the head of a large co-operative union in Nebraska. William G. Eckhard, chairman of the organization committee and treasurer of the Farmers' Finance Corporation, has risen to his present rank through years of work in various farmers' associations, and was most recently with the Illinois Agricultural Association, which lately gave the Chicago Grain Exchange the scare of its life. The Lantz bills, which would have regulated dealing in grain futures, were finally defeated, but not until the grain interests had spent half a million dollars in a bitter fight against them.

These vast co-operative enterprises will go on until they have had a thorough trial. The farmer has much at stake, he will make mistakes, but he will keep on until he either wins out or is whipped in an even fight. Some business interests, which have fattened on both the producer and the consumer, will suffer; the producer is likely to profit and the consumer will not lose. In fact the latter has a great chance to gain along with the tiller of the soil.

The Lost Needle



THERE'S an old English play known as "Gammer Gurton's Needle." Its plot is woven around the loss of the family needle—no trifling misfortune in the days of old.

Today, in this era of ours, life is so rich in comforts that we seldom wonder how folks got along in the ancient world. And we sometimes forget what an important role advertising has played in making life pleasant and altogether livable.

Advertising has one of the leading parts in the eternal drama of dollars. To it is directly due much of the multiplication of products and services which has come about during the last half century.

It has smoothed the mechanics of existence—made life easier and more pleasant by bringing countless necessities—once considered luxuries—within our easy reach and into continuous use.

Think of this for a minute. You owe much to advertising.

And you miss much when you fail to read it!



No Underwear is "B. V. D." without This Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE

Grain Marking U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries

It is your Guarantee of Value and Satisfaction

"B. V. D." Underwear developed an entirely new principle which completely revolutionized summer underwear.

The foundations of the world-wide popularity of "B. V. D." Underwear are value and satisfaction.

The "B. V. D." ideal of service is expressed in the durable fabric, made in our cotton mills, and in every successive stage of manufacture—the result: proper-fitting, comfort-giving, long-wearing Underwear—"B. V. D."

"B. V. D." Sleeveless Closed Crotch Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A.) Men's \$1.50 the suit, Youth's \$1.15 the suit.

Quality Ever Maintained

THE B. V. D. COMPANY
NEW YORK

"B. V. D." Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 90c the garment.